

Along the Road

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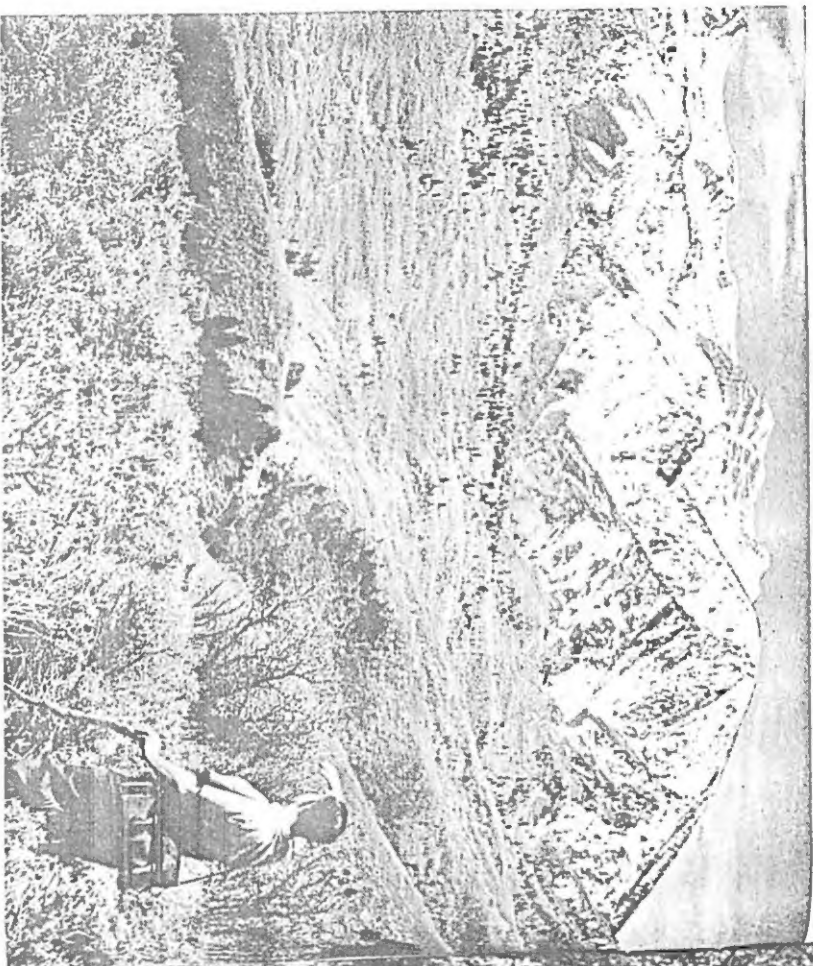
by

GEORGE A. FISHER
Keeley, Utah

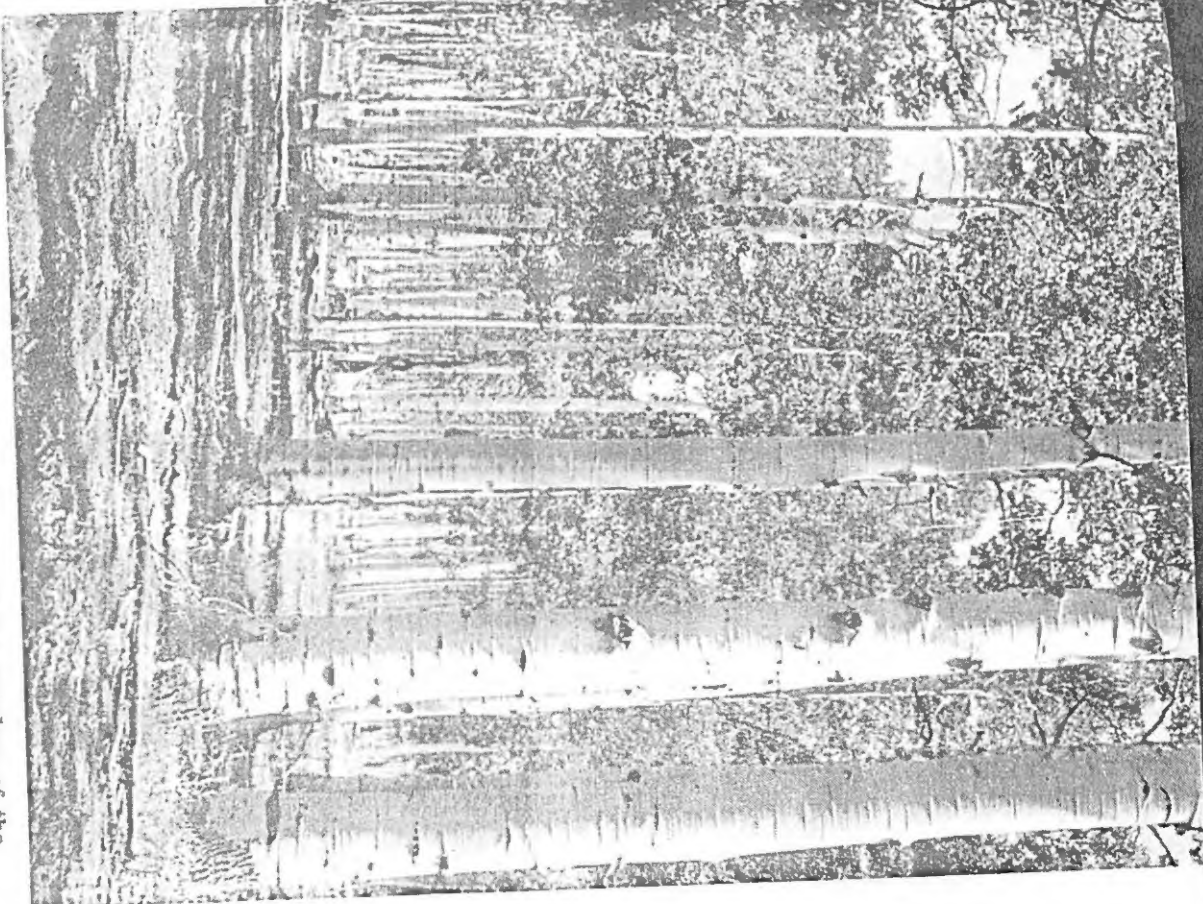
DEDICATED

to

THE ENDLESS THROUG
OF TRAVELERS
ON LIFE'S HIGHWAY



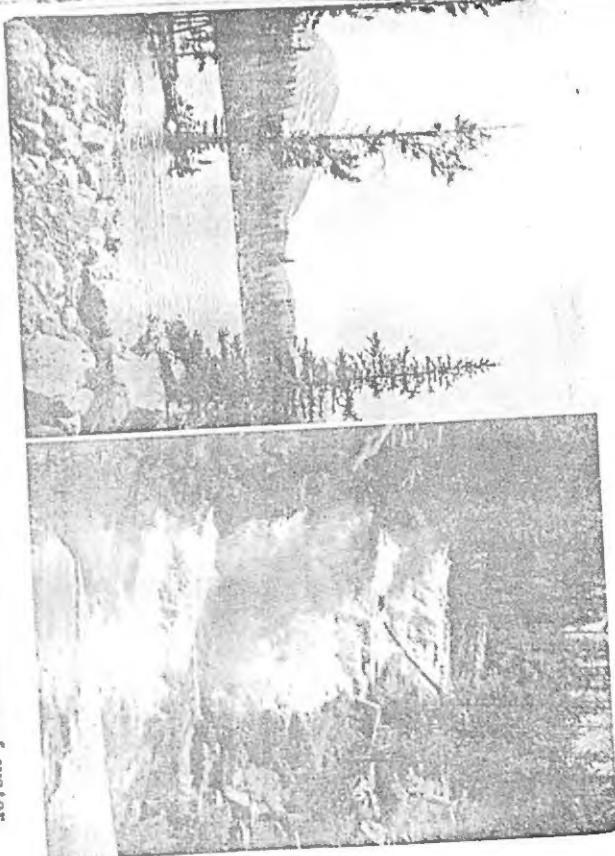
Everywhere in Utah is the majesty of the Mountains
Part of the Rocky Mountain System and known locally as the
Wasatch Range running north and south through the State.



And everywhere in Utah is the stillness and the grandeur of the
Forest.



Utah's ten National Forests with a total acreage of eight million acres were wisely selected and are well kept to protect this marvelous heritage of the people. This is part of the Uintah range of mountains which is one of the few ranges in the world running east and west.



Utah's lakes and it's streams furnish the natural resource of water to guarantee a rapidly expanding population.

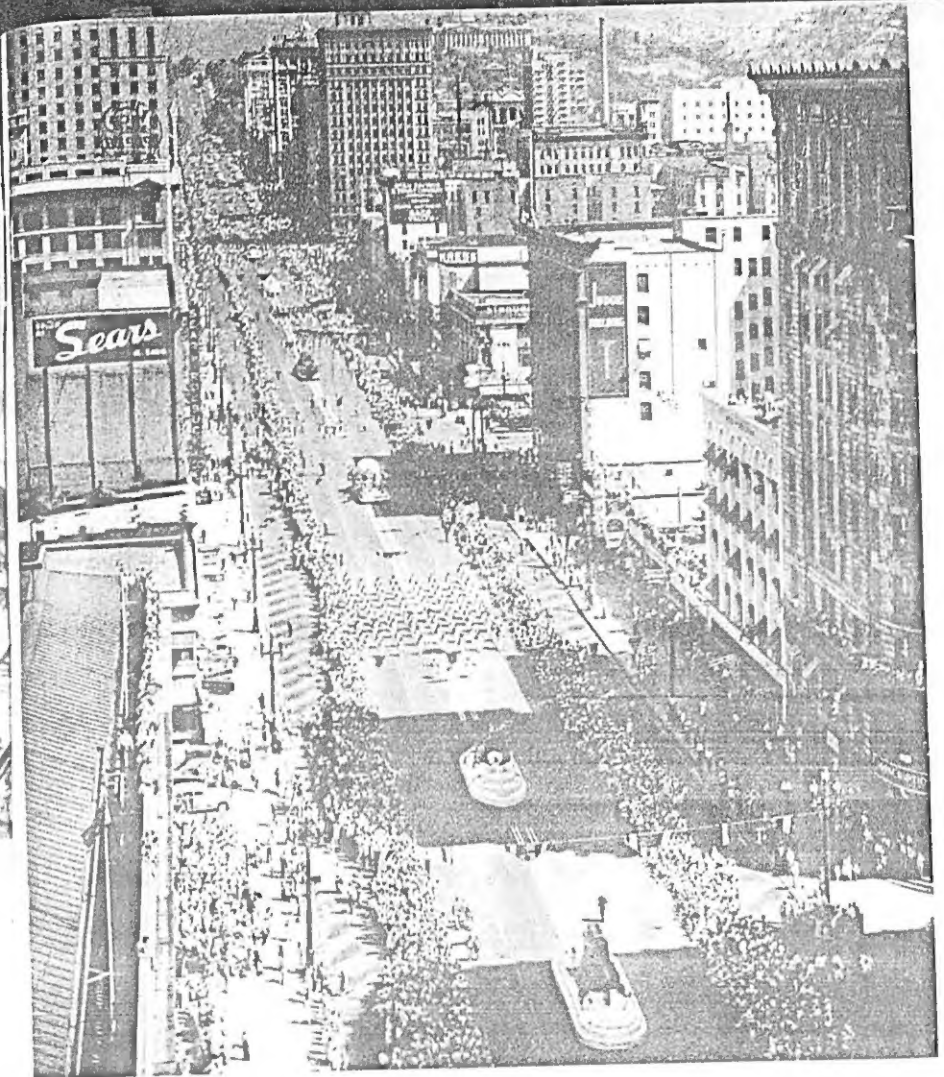
"Where there is a cart ahead there is a track behind."



There were no roads when the Mormon Pioneers looked down upon an uninviting valley 103 years ago. Come look at it now

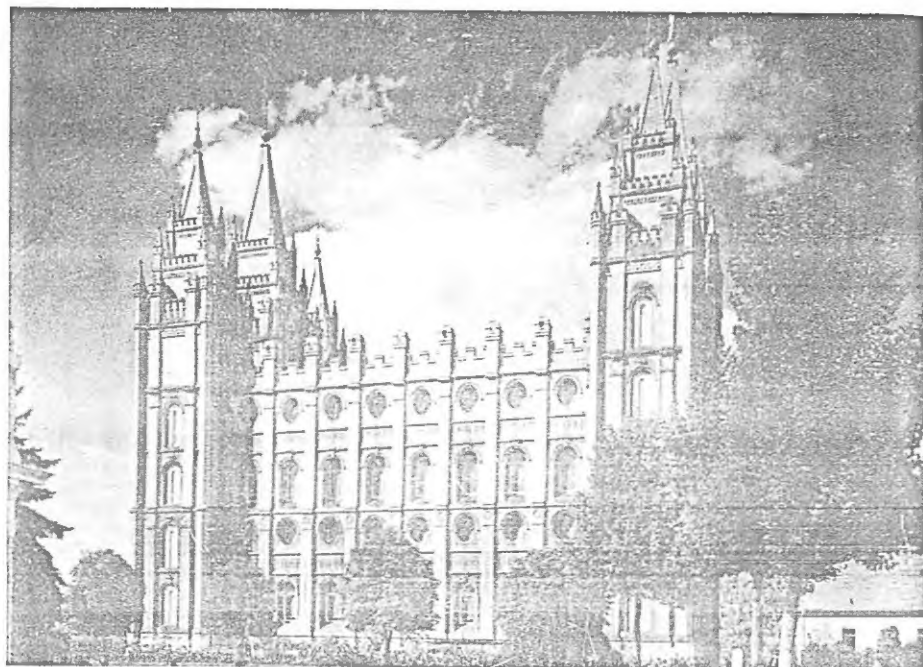


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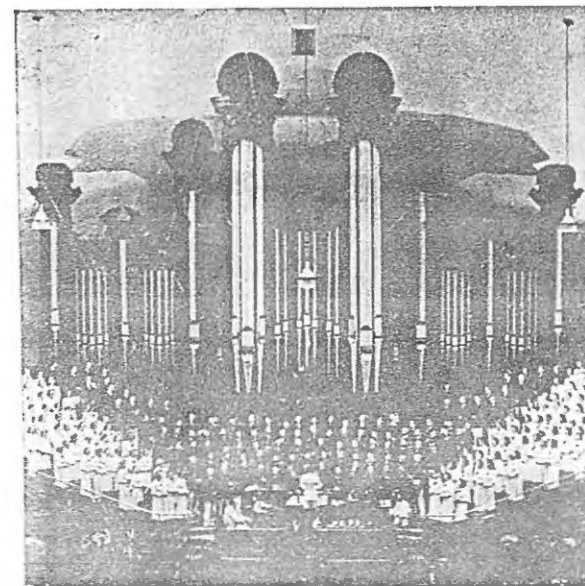


The thoroughly metropolitan city of Salt Lake with a 1950 count of 181,902 souls nestles comfortably on the spot which the great Brigham Young christened with "This Is The Place" 103 years ago.

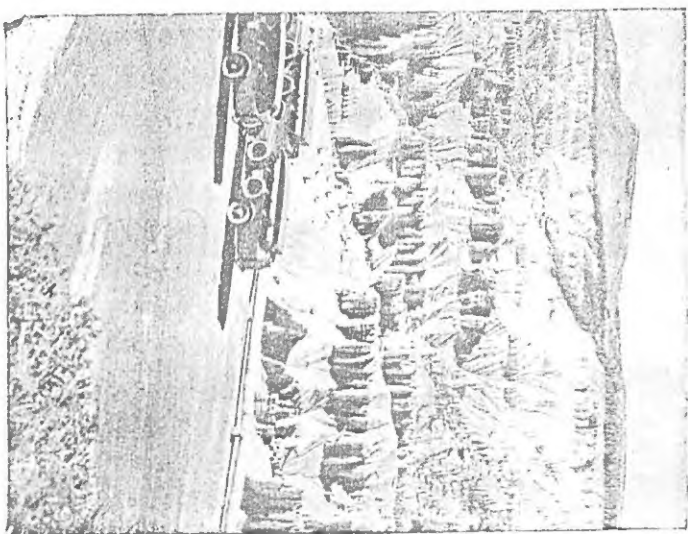
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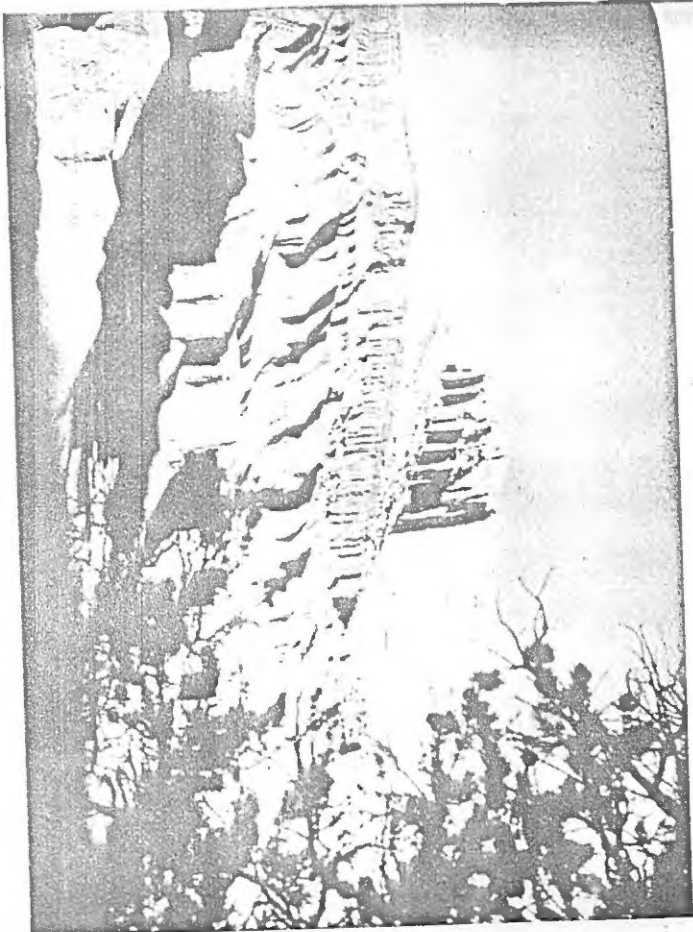
And among the inspiring works of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is their Temple completed in 1893 after 40 years of labor and at a cost of about three and one-half million dollars. It stands in the heart of the city on a ten-acre tract, famous as "Temple Square." There are three other L. D. S. temples in Utah.



And this is the great Tabernacle Organ whose matchless tones have been heard wherever radio reaches along with the world famous Tabernacle Choir of 375 voices. This musical triumph has 11,000 pipes running in size from $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch to 32 feet. It was designed and built by an English organ builder, Joseph Ridges, the task being completed in 1874 after eight years of effort.



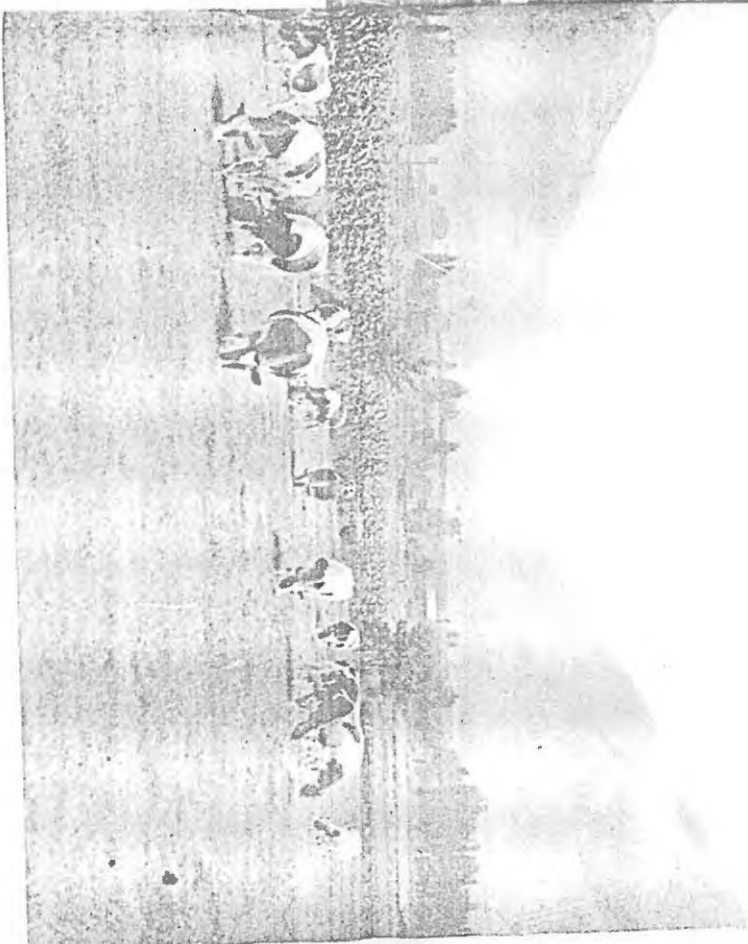
Utah's natural wonders with their gorgeous colors and fantastic shapes, attract millions of sightseers.



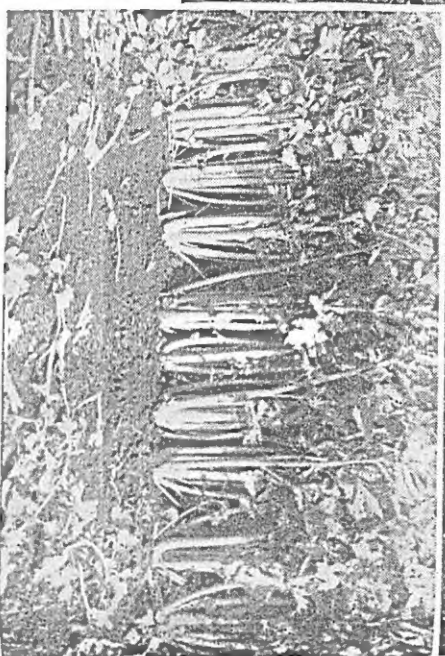
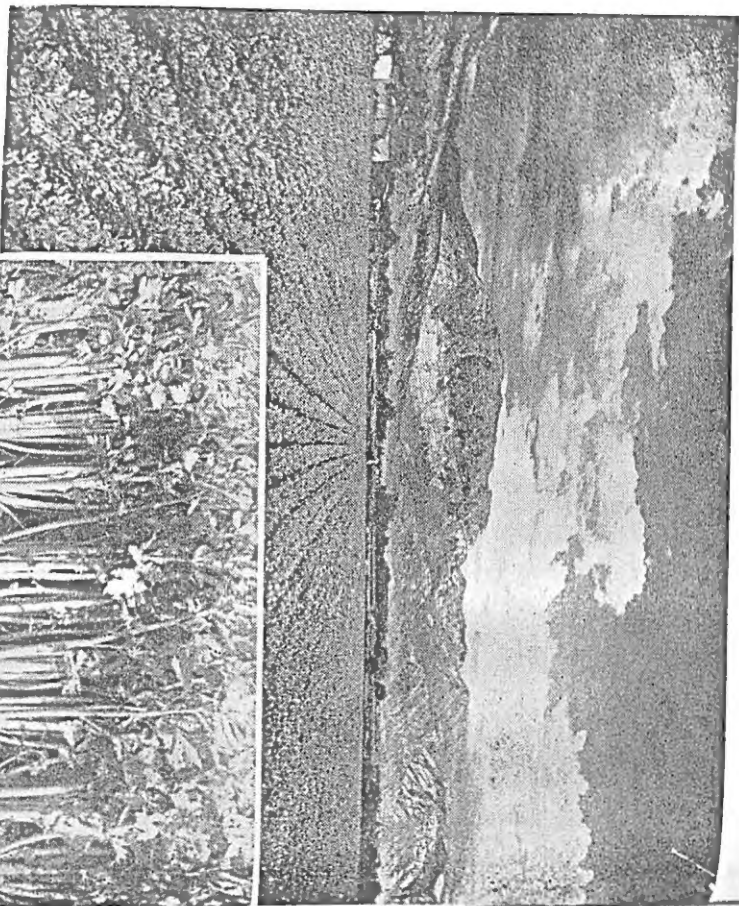
And most of these scenic wonders are reached by a far-sighted system of good roads.



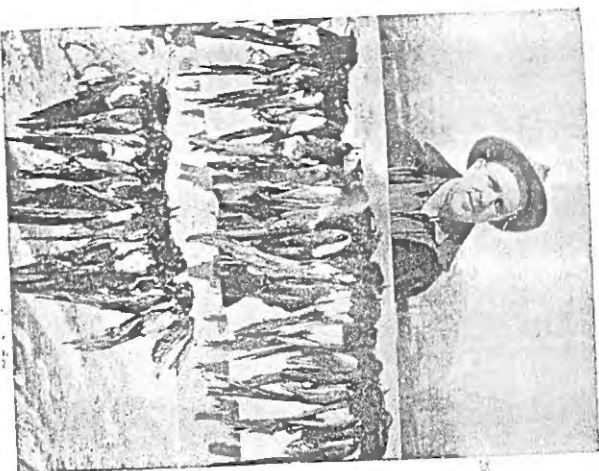
Within the eight million acres of National Forest lands and upon additional privately owned millions of acres there grazes 1,284,000 head of stock sheep.



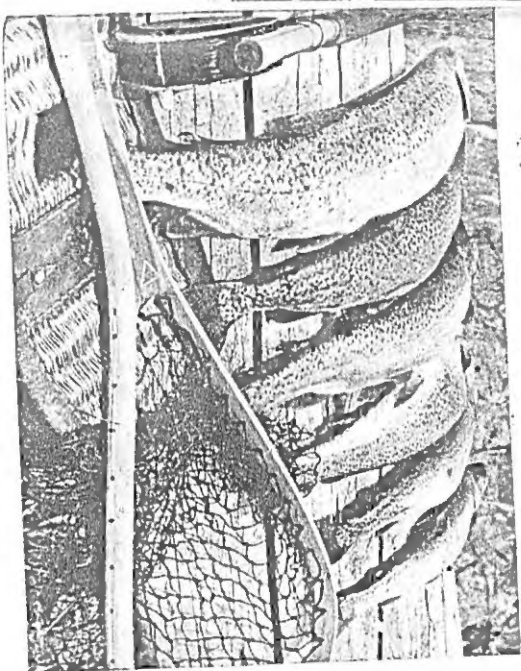
Although there is slightly more than 21½ per cent of the State's 34,000 acres under irrigation the State supports a cattle and dairy industry of 560,000 head. The total State income from sheep, wool, range cattle and dairy stock exceeds \$75,000,000 annually.



Today vast fertile fields are a monument to the foresight of the Mormon Pioneers who were the first in western civilization to employ the science of irrigation. Utah celery has a nationwide "audience."



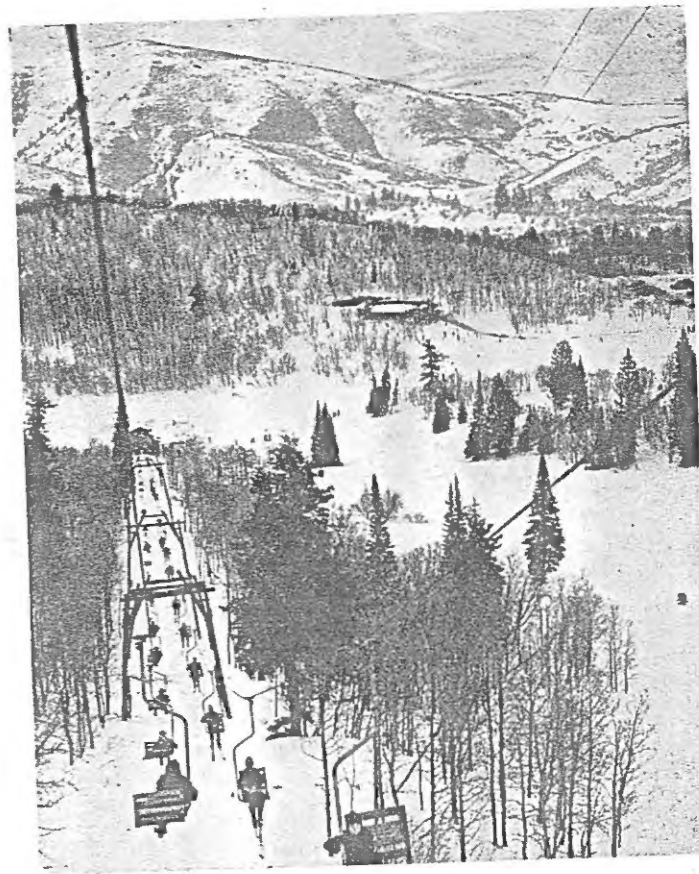
Long range planning for the preservation of wild fowl life, makes Utah an outstanding spot in the Nation.



Millions of fish annually are turned loose into lakes and streams from the state's 12 large hatcheries.



Utah's majestic mountains which are covered with deep snow from November to May have a nationwide reputation as a skier's paradise. There are 13 winter resorts, most of them equipped with all modern facilities such as mechanical "lifts" and comfortable lodges.



A modern ski lift at Alta 26 miles from the heart of Salt Lake City.



Atop the Rocky Mountains in Utah as the ski enthusiast starts out on the healthful adventure.



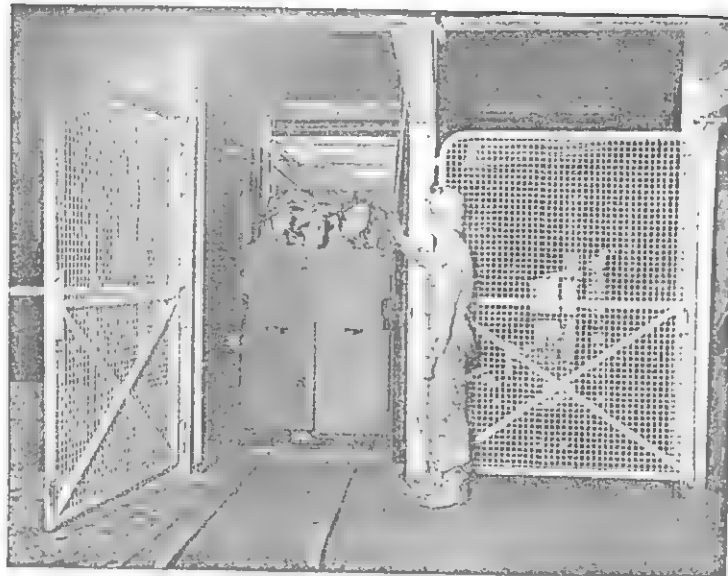
*Fisher Ranch Motel and Cafe
Keetley, Utah*



Fisher Ranch Motel, Keetley, Utah



*General Office
New Park Mining Co.
Keetley, Utah*



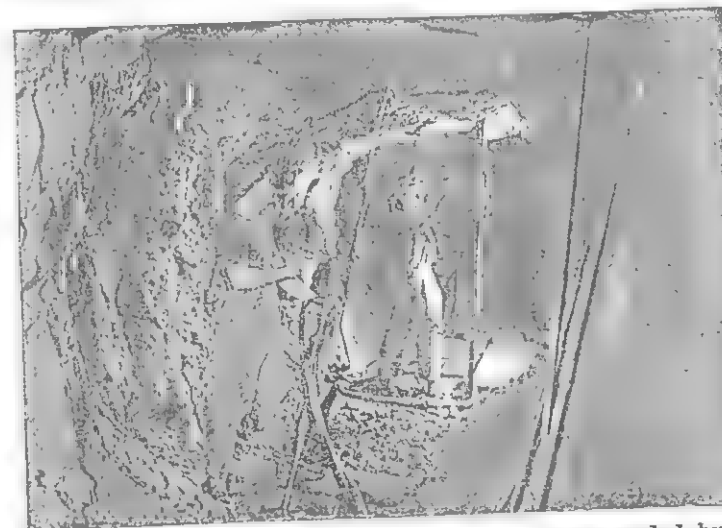
Miners on cage in the Keetley mines, ready to be lowered into shaft to begin shift's work.

For three quarters of a century an army of men have worked around the clock—day and night—in the production of the cleanest wealth the world knows—silver and gold as it comes to the surface untouched by the hands of barter and trade as found in the marts of men.

A lot of the lead in the bullets that has helped keep America safe for democracy, came from these hills.

In the critical period following the Civil War, a grateful United States thanked the mines of the West for the major role they played in solving the financial crisis of the Union. Likewise the western mines played no small part in the production of needed materials and metals during the two major world wars.

And a lot of the silver that adorns your table or entertains you on the so-called "Silver Screen" of the movies is coming from these hills every hour of the day and night. Those twinkling lights you see up there on the mountain, only a mile or so away, mark the portals to tunnels miles and miles in length, which connect with other hundreds of miles of underground works and give to the world a glimpse of the majesty and the magnitude of the famous Park City, Utah, mining district. It was born in the early seventies and since then has added hundreds of millions of dollars to the nation's wealth. In point of service, it takes its place along with Virginia City; with Butte; with Cripple Creek; with Coeur d'Alene.



Utah's mineral production from 1864 to 1941, as recorded by the U. S. Bureau of Mines, includes: 8,699,003 oz. of gold; 699,998.505 oz. of silver; 3,377,747 tons of copper; 4,089,564 tons of lead; 747,692 tons of zinc; 142,088,826 tons of coal. During normal years the mineral industry's average annual disbursement for wages, freight and supplies amounts to \$85,000,000

The Absentee

St. Peter was guarding the Pearly Gate
One night when a traveler pulled in late;
St. Peter said: "Will you please state
What right you have to make us wait?"

"Sure thing," he said, "I'll tell you, Pete,
I blew in a beer joint down the street,
And met some guys with dough to treat,
So we outlined plans for Dolph's defeat."

St. Peter said: "The records show
That you've been absent days in a row";
The visitor answered: "Yes, I know,
I stayed at home to shovel snow."

The Guardian said, with lack of mirth:
"You might get by with that stuff on Earth.
But not up here where we measure worth
By service done. Bud, here's your berth:"

"Coast on back down and join the fight
Your soldier brother wages tonight
In a mud filled trench, his belt drawn tight;
Go back, I say and learn what's right."

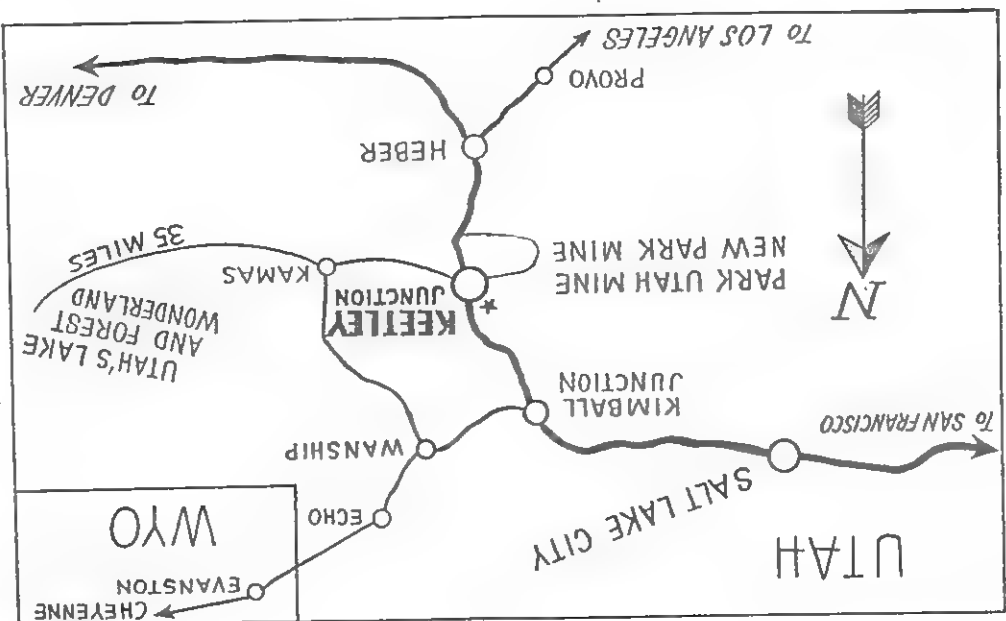
"The miner you left alone in the drift
Manning a buzzie, noisy and swift,
Depended on you to give him a lift—
A soldier is needing lead from your shift."



Miners at work in the Keetley mines.



Note the "round of holes" which has been drilled in the face of the tunnel and is ready for blasting.



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Along the Road



Good Evening, Folks

I am the Mayor of Keetley and I wanted to have a chat with you about things in general. That's why I flagged you down at this cross roads here atop the Rocky Mountains.

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Maybe I could have written a BOOK and got at you that way. Frankly, I had that book weapon in mind.

And then I discovered that when you write a book, you are supposed to have a name, a title and a preface or some other alibi for cluttering up the book shelves of the world with another volume. To make matters worse, a United States senator about this time decided to ask every agency of the Government to send him a copy of each and all of their books, pamphlets or booklets. He received 83,000. Thereupon he called his Senate cronies about him and began to show them some of the literary gems that roll from government printing presses each twenty-four hours.

One booklet had to do with cats and how to trap them. It went on to explain: "that after it is determined the cat is not the neighbor's pet, it may be gassed or drowned." And then the distinguished Senator from New Hampshire quoted from another book by the government on the status of the flea in North America which read: "Fleas are serious pests of dogs, cats and poultry. They cause dogs to spend much time gnawing at the affected parts."

By this time the word got around to the cloak rooms that a great speech was being made on the Senate floor, so the seats began to fill up while the Senator with the literary bent continued to point to a book on "the care of parrots." It told how to cure parrot's sore feet and get them to re-feather after they molt. It was getting time for lunch now and the Senator had to close with a brief reference to a book entitled: "The Cuban Frog Leg Industry," which book went on to state that "In Cuba, some frogs live longer than others."

So I felt compelled to abandon the idea of relieving travelers of their spare change by the book method, and either go back to the system of Jesse James, or follow the more modern technique of pointing a Motel or a tourist cabin at your victim.

A garage is a good weapon. In that case you approach the ailing car with much the same expression as a successful surgeon sizes up his patient just before the operation. Raise the hood slowly and deliberately, then submerge until there is nothing showing to the occupants of the car except that portion an ostrich exposes when he sticks his head in the sand.

After sufficient time has passed to make the operation seem important and impressive, you straighten up to your full height, wrapping about you the once white mechanic's robe. It is important that you conceal from the view of your victim, the copy of the Blue Book you have been studying beneath the hood, which BOOK records the saturation point between the value of the car and the bill that will be yours after the cashier has added up the figures on the date line and all the others set down by a corps of internes who have been following the Chief Surgeon around during this hot afternoon while your family are fanning each other outside on a treeless sidewalk. When you get out YOUR "BLUE BOOK" to see if that bill back in Pumpkin center did not include a new fuel pump, don't let on that it did. You want to get on your way, don't you?

Well, we're glad you got this far safely and that if you have run into some of the situations just mentioned, they will be forgotten in the recollection of a fine array of competent mechanics who did their best to help you out.

We are glad you noted our road signs back there about a good bed and a bath and we want to assure you that it is our aim to belong to that vast majority of innkeepers who try to make your visit a pleasant one.

The fee we get for tucking you in is not all the satisfaction we get out of life.

So at the close of this hard day we want you to relax. We know what you've been up against all these long hours.

We know all about those Einsteins in the rear seat who want to make sure that when you've parked the car on a steep grade, (headed up hill) you've been careful to see that its "in reverse."

WE, TOO, HAVE DRIVEN ALL NIGHT and until all the Neon signs on the road seemed to read: "No Vacancy."

WE'VE LISTENED to those siren voices from the rear who insist that "it's early yet." Of course up to midnight you can protest a little, but after that they've got everything on their side.

STOPPING AT SUNDOWN means safety and hours of restful sleep lost in a search for a vacancy. Besides, there's the coming of a glorious morning with more gorgeous scenery.



SO SHAKE, BROTHER, and come on in. You're a good sport and they'll miss you when you're gone. In addition to my sympathy here's two aspirins.



When you get straightened around maybe you would like to come in the office and look over our collection of odd stones and some specimens of the precious metals. Utah, you know, stands out in the world's production of silver, copper, lead, zinc.

IF YOU'RE TIRED, and want to retire early we'll see to it that there are no unusual noises to rob you of your sleep.

You banker who left your counting house for a rest; you farmer from the corn belt or the cotton grower from the south; you factory worker where deafening looms weave fabrics from the products of this marvelous country; you school teacher who has earned a vacation; you industrial worker from the noisy assembly lines; you pilot of the air or engineer on the ground to whose steady nerves are entrusted the lives of your fellow men; you aging father or mother whose son or daughter has proven worthy by offering to take you on that longed for trip which you postponed from year to year; you soldier, sailor, or marine whose service and sacrifice have done much to make this the greatest country on Earth; you tired mother of that vigorous brood in the rear seat; you dad who not only steers the car but also pays the bills—all of you deserve a good night's rest.

Those bright red caps and shirts you see are not some of Joe Stalin's boys. They're just deer hunters who adopt this uniform each fall to keep from getting shot, and then some of them just continue to wear 'em during the rest of the deer season. There is, therefore, nothing to worry about.



WHEN YOU GET BACK HOME the folks are going to ask you something about Utah. So,

TELL THEM THAT: You have seen, at least, portions of the grandeur of Utah scenery; of that mighty chasm known as the Grand Canyon; of Zion's National Park; of Bryce Canyon with its changing colors hard to believe without seeing;

TELL THEM THAT: The same God who gave parts of the United States their faultless soil with scarcely a waste acre, gave Utah only about ten per cent of its face in tillable soil, BUT TELL THEM THAT: This other ninety per cent of Utah is awe-inspiring in its grandeur as if to convince the children of men that they should pause and doff their hats in reverence to a force beyond their mortal ken, as they contemplate the hand of God in carving chasms, cutting channels, creating culture of the human soul.

TELL THEM THAT: You hope they will be able to see what you have seen and enjoy the serene satisfaction that comes with having visited a unique portion of the United States.

TELL THEM ABOUT THE MONUMENTS: And what you saw of them on their Temple grounds in Salt Lake City where courteous attendants pointed out to you just some of the marvelous accomplishments of these followers of Brigham Young; tell them that his statue is now in the archives of the Great in the National Capitol at Washington to honor him for the part he played in the development of the West;

TELL THEM THAT: The 147 souls who accompanied Brigham Young on that memorable trek are no doubt looking down tonight in supreme satisfaction as they contemplate that the soil they sought to conquer now houses and gives sustenance to souls nearing the million mark.

TELL THEM THAT: Even the so-called "waste lands" in Utah, are now destined to play a very important role in the development of atomic force energy.

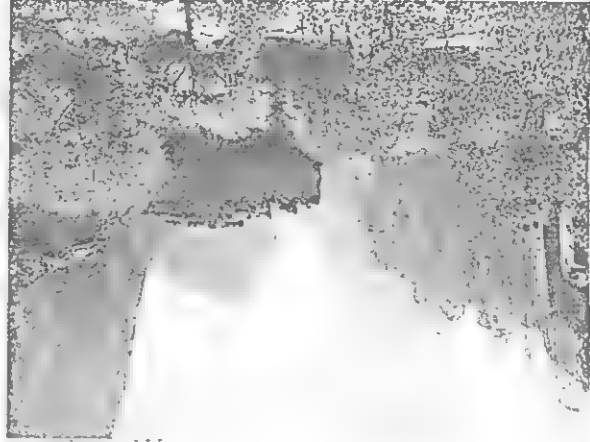
TELL THEM THAT: If they want to see the West at its Best, they had better visit Utah.

So The Mayor Says Goodnight

O, Lord, I'm just a rancher in the hills,
Where trails bring tired people by the score;
I like them and I tuck them in because
Some day we'll all be knocking at Thy door.
And now as twilight deepens in these hills,
With them asleep I offer up this Grace—
Grant all of us the peace which comes with night
And fit us for tomorrow's gruelling race.

GEO. A. FISHER

Mayor.



TELL THEM THAT:

The State of Utah has an area of
84,990 square miles;
345 miles north and south (average);
275 miles east and west (average).

Population: 550,000 in 1940.
682,000 in 1950.

State Emblem: Beehive, signifying industry.

State Flower: Sego Lily.

State Song: "Utah, We Love Thee."

State Tree: Blue Spruce.

Historical—Exploration:

1776, visited by Fathers Escalante and Dominguez.

1824, visited by Jim Bridger.

1825, visited by Etienne Provot (for whom Provo was named)
and by General W. H. Ashley.

1828, visited by Peter Skene Ogden (or whom Ogden was
was named.)

1842, visited by Captain Fremont.

Settled by Mormon pioneers under the leadership of Brigham
Young, July 24, 1847.

Given Territorial Charter, September 9, 1850.

Transcontinental Telegraph completed in 1861.

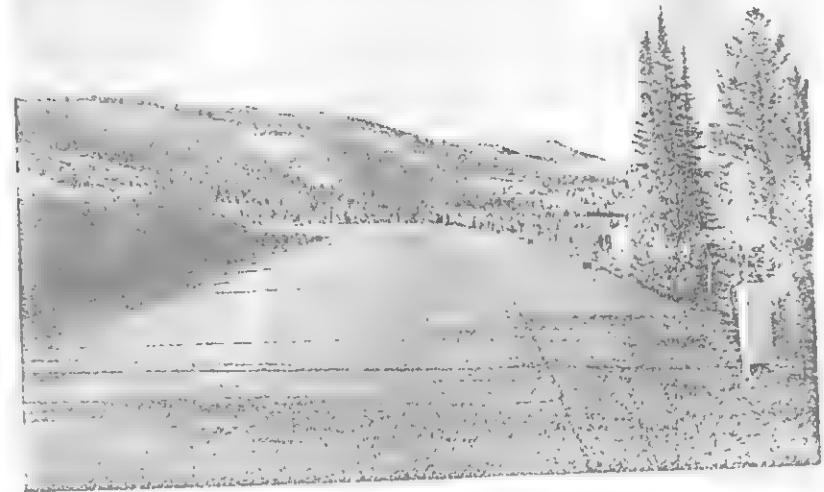
Transcontinental Railroad completed in 1869.

Statehood granted in 1896, Utah being the 45th state of the
Union.

The word "Utah" means "Top of the Mountains" and was derived
from the Ute Indian language.

The word "Deseret" is a Book of Mormon word signifying
"Honey Bee."

*Let Me Ride in My Car on
My Side of the Road*



With due credit to Sam Walter Foss who taught us something about
how to "Live in a House by the Side of the Road."

There are countless souls on the broad highways
In this wonderful age of wheels;
And I wish that all this endless throng
Could know how the other feels.
I wish we would pause to contemplate
Life's pitiful little span,
Then drive our cars along the side of the road
And be a friend to man

Let me ride in my car on my side of the road,
Where the law says I should ride
My course so straight that the other man
Has only his own to decide.
I would not sit in the driver's seat,
And crush my fellow man—
Let me ride in my car on my side of the road,
And be a friend to man.

I see from my car along the side of the road,
As I drive with my family at eve,
The speed-mad acts of thoughtless ones
That are really hard to believe.
So I steer my car to the roadbed's edge—
As close as I possibly can—
Let me ride in my car along my side of the road,
And be a friend to man.

I know there are dreams of the pleasures ahead,
And dreams of the business gain;
That these beckoning goals are lures to speed,
And grip us all in their reign.
But, if human life is a sacred thing,
And part of an infinite plan,
Let me drive my car along my side of the road,
And be a friend to man.





GOOD MORNING. Gray streaks of dawn are breaking over those eastern hills. If you expect to get your share of those road miles today, you'd best be getting across the road to that coffee shop. The Mayor will be in bed till it warms up a bit. He is a follower of that philosopher who said: "When you see me up at four o'clock, I ain't been to bed."

IT'S A NICE MORNING and we've enjoyed having you with us. The road leads both ways from here and some of you will be traveling in different directions. But that makes no difference. There is only one ROAD after all. Those mud splashed markers which men set up here and there don't mean much in the last analysis.

So it makes little difference which road you followed to get here; nor what numeral some highway department may have placed upon it. I repeat, there is only ONE road. All the others are but detours.

And there is only one code of traffic laws, and although written two thousand years ago it still stands as the strongest set in the Universe. Chiseled on stone in the old days, it should at least be painted in this modern age on road markers everywhere. If there isn't time or room to quote the admonition in full it should at least be referred to in Italics as Number Six which reads "THOU SHALT NOT KILL."

All the other FORTY-EIGHT sets of man-made regulations in this country fade into insignificance in the face of this fundamental law which a man named Moses thundered down from Mt. Sinai even long before the birth of Christ. Of course, God had told Moses at their tryst ATOP MT. SINAI, what to say, but this fellow Moses knew how to say it. This places Moses in the class of one of the World's great teachers. But I want here to sing his praises as the first great ROAD ENGINEER. Little wonder God picked him out for this road engineering job. He had the qualifications by both birth and training. His folks had been in politics back there in Egypt. When he was born his mother knew there was a bounty on all male Democrats, so she hid him in the bullrushes until after election. Being a Democrat, the baby was able to survive on oratory. When he grew up he was unable to reconcile his ideas of right and wrong with those of the crooks and chisellers who hang around the seat of every government. So with no more roads to guide him than Brigham Young had, Moses set out on his mission. Both Moses and Brigham Young left the world something to think about.

MOSES KNEW ALL THE WRINKLES. He'd been through the mill. Even though there were no automobiles, there were still mule trails and hot dog stands along the way. Moses knew of the pressure groups calling themselves "delegations" that would seek to have him build a road this way or that to suit their own selfish interests. But with that calm assurance that came to him from the burning bush, Moses knew that his appointment to this road job was permanent and need not be hampered by vote getting. So he kept his course. He wasn't arbitrary. He simply said to his followers: "Now look here, fellows, you've been following me around these baked flats for forty years trying to find the right road out, and we've never once had a bad steer from the Boss."

SO FROM A STORM SWEPT height on Mt. Sinai God thundered down the Ten Commandments. There be people who waste time pointing out some mistakes Moses made, in their estimation.

When a modern Mo.es shows up, his efforts meet the same kind of criticism. Elbert Hubbard said that every great man understands and expects this; that to receive abuse is in itself no proof of greatness; but to take it without bitterness is the final proof of power.

So the work of Moses goes on and on. He covered pretty well in 10 points a pattern out of which every man and woman in the world could make for themselves a very graceful dress suit.

The United States through Woodrow Wilson, sealed its approval of the Ten Commandments with the blood and tears of a Nation.

Enlarging on the CHISELED TEN, they tried to write fourteen more. It was just an enlargement of the original Ten, but it somehow didnt take.

Today the best brains of the world are trying to thread their needle along the same line. Let's hope they succeed.



And in the meantime be glad that you're in Keetley, Utah, which is part of the United States of America, and where the law of Moses still prevails.

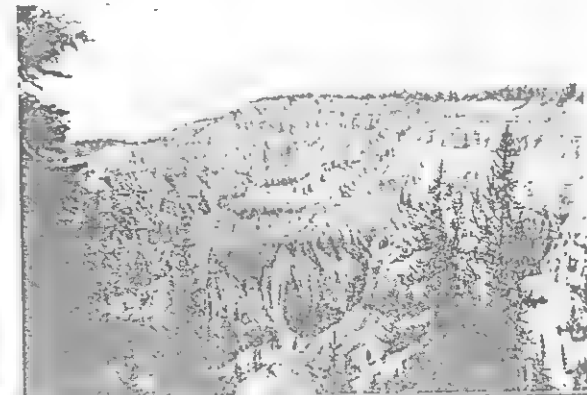
Both the Democrats and the Republicans claim credit for having discovered the United States but the record fact remains that it is part of a territory which Columbus sighted first. And after that there has been a lot of trading going on before we were able to round out our holdings to constitute the present outlines of the United States of America. Some unkind critics charge us with sharp trading, or worse, in the acquisition of territory but the world in general agrees with Emerson when he said that the Stars and Stripes had been carried 15,000 miles westward, liberating down trodden people every foot of the way.

And we paid in full for everything received.

This piece of U. S. Soil where you slept last night came to us by purchase from the Mexican government for the sum of 15 million dollars. The deal was known as the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo and was signed by representatives of both governments outside the city of Mexico on a February day in 1848. In reality it was the end of the war with Mexico which began in 1846 and terminated with the United States as victors by reason of which conquest we were entitled to this territory which comprises what is now all of the states of California, Nevada and Utah, most of Arizona and New Mexico and parts of Wyoming and Colorado.

We could have annexed this territory without paying a dime to Mexico. But President Polk was just as fussy as we are today about preserving our lifelong policy against imperialism, so he undertook to have Congress endorse his plan to pay the Mexican government \$15,000,000,000 for the tract. The suggestion met with some tough sledding. Even though it had already been signed by a representative of this government, the Senate foreign relations committee sent it out on the floor without recommendation. Daniel Webster maintained that this government needed no more territory. Jefferson Davis, however, belonged to the other school of thought and wanted to expand, while Sam Houston advocated our establishment of a protectorate over all of Mexico.

Ratification finally went over by a scant four-vote majority.



This would seem to be a pretty good title but after we had convinced the Post Office Department that we had enough votes to warrant a postoffice at Keetley, they were not satisfied with land titles because they went back no further than the coming of the Mormons in 1847.

We therefore had Gunga Din, who is the only one around here claiming to know much about law, write to the Dept. as follows:

Please be advised that the government of the United States acquired the territory of Utah including the tract to which your inquiry applied, by purchase from the Republic of Mexico in the sacred Mexican tradition of Guadalupe Hidalgo in February, 1848.

The Republic of Mexico got its title from Porfiro Diaz who won it in a poker game from the followers of Cortez.

Cortez got his authority to line 'em up against the wall, from the government of Spain.

The government of Spain acquired title by the discovery of Christopher Columbus, explorer and resident of Genoa, Italy, who had an agreement about the acquisition of title to any land he discovered under the sponsorship and patronage of Her Majesty, the Queen of Spain.

The Queen of Spain had received sanction of her title by consent of the Pope, a resident of Rome, Italy, and presumably a Vice President of Jesus Christ.

Jesus Christ was the Son and heir apparent of God.

God made Utah.

We trust this meets with your request.

P. S. But you ought to have seen this layout when God owned it alone.

AT THIS POINT it is of more than passing interest to note that a great set of road builders were at that moment blazing the trail which brought you here tonight. I refer to the Mormon Pioneers, one of whom was my Dad who walked with the others the entire distance from Missouri to Salt Lake City. The organization had had a rough deal back there in Missouri and Illinois where their leaders, Joseph and Hyrum Smith, were brutally murdered by a mob.

Strapping on the armour of his dead leader which amounted to little more than an abiding faith in God, in himself, and in the cause he espoused, Brigham Young undertook the migration of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints to the West.

Arriving here on July 24th, 1847, they were upon soil that was not yet part of the United States. Although the war was over and had been won by us, the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo was not signed until the following February of 1848.



KEETLEY HISTORY. Named after a man whose name was John H. Keetley and who was the engineer in charge of the work of driving a five mile mine tunnel through that mountain range. Those lights up there on the mountain side a mile away mark the portal to that tunnel.

KEETLEY is 6587 feet above sea level and is 750 miles from the nearest ocean port which is San Francisco. The nearest politician is miles and miles away. Neither do we have any mosquitoes or rattle snakes.

Lawns are the only things which get a rake off here.

We have no bonded indebtedness. Indeed, the only bonds we care anything about are defense bonds and the bonds of friendship.

We have a couple of dozen "First National Banks" whose husbands work in the mines. When they couldn't get silk or rayon, they used cotton.

The main street of the town runs westward to San Francisco and east to New York. Being forty miles from Salt Lake City, the highway got nicknamed "forty" and we understand that other States clear across the Nation have adopted this numeral. We would have you remember, however, that the road begins at Keetley and that we're anxious to have the road preserve its record for safe driving, so we have at the edge of town a sign: "Better 15 minutes late for St. Louis than 15 minutes early for St. Peter."

NOW THEREFORE, I, Geo. A. Fisher, by virtue of authority vested in me by Columbus, the Queen of Spain and others, do hereby proclaim, ordain and set up the Laws, Ordinances and Regulations of the Town of Keetley which follow pretty quick.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the official seal to be affixed thereto.

GEO. A. FISHER

Mayor

Chief of Police

Fire Department

Welfare Board.



Two Kinds of Utah Beauties

**TOWN
ORDINANCES
OF**



**KEETLEY,
UTAH**



IN ACCORDANCE WITH REVISED STATUTES
and
SOME PERSONAL NOTIONS OF:
THE MAYOR

Here Are The Ordinances

God spoke all these words, saying,

1. Thou shalt have no other gods before Me.
2. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image: . . . Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them; for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God. . . .
3. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain.
4. Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work: But the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God; . . . For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day; wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it.
5. Honour thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.
6. Thou shalt not kill.
7. Thou shalt not commit adultery.
8. Thou shalt not steal.
9. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.
10. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbour's.

Exodus xx. 3-17.



(United Nations, please take notice.)

Teach me, Oh Lord, to pray

When worldly troubles are lightest,
And skies are the brightest blue,
Madly we strive for the pleasures,
Blindly we follow them through.
But when the dark clouds gather
To herald a troublesome day,
Alas! we turn to the Master—
"Teach me, Oh Lord, to pray."

I know that my sins are many,
That I've broken a rule,
But, Master, Teacher forgive me—
Let me go back to school.
Let me go back to my classes,
I promise no more to stray,
And I'll work hard for my credits—
"Teach me, Oh Lord, to pray."

The Teacher grants our pleading,
And welcomes us back in line,
Then smiles with a Father's pity
As we ask again for a sign.
He doesn't resent the doubting
Which carries our strength away,
As our first plea fades to an echo—
"Teach me, Oh Lord, to pray."

He knows that sooner or later
We'll gather the strength we lack,
And perhaps be better students
The next time we come back,
Then writes in His class roll ledger:
"Absent since yesterday,"

As He answers the plea from another—
"Teach me, Oh Lord, to pray."

Keetlev Town Regulations

No. 1—Neither shall you have any Mayor before me. I'm doing the best I can and if you're not satisfied with my administration, there's an oiled highway leading in both directions to friend O'Dwyer's town in New York or Robinson's in San Francisco, or Mayor Earl J. Glade's Salt Lake City.

No. 2—You mustn't kill. It's wrong. God gave you life and He is the only one with authority to take it away. This regulation refers directly to what Moses had in mind in the Sixth Commandment.

No. 3—Gossip is prohibited. You might just as well kill. If you don't know the facts, keep your mouth shut. Anyway doctors claim it's better to breathe through your nose. If we find that you have repeated some unkind remark about your neighbor that isn't true, you'd better look to God for sympathy because you won't find any in the Keetlev Court. And it won't help you a particle to claim that you asked the other person not to tell.

Don't

Don't condemn your brother harshly for a mote within his eye; Don't conclude good has no lodgment in the throng that passes by;
Don't think that every traveler has a blindfold 'neath his coat; Or that he might be sparing for a hold upon your throat.
Don't, therefore, attempt to alter all that seems to you a flaw; Don't discount age old conclusion that there is a higher law; Don't think you have appointment to condemn the works of man;
In short, don't criticize unless you know you have a better plan.

No. 4—MORALS (Referring to Commandment 7)—It is lawful to kiss the bride after the ceremony, provided it's not too long after.

No. 5--DRINKING: If you use your head there will be no complaint. But we mean your head and not your hands. Above the judges' bench in the city hall there is a beautiful large panel mural by our local barn painter: "If you drink, don't drive; If you drive, don't drink." Milk from these contented cows is a far better stimulus on the highway than alcohol.

A Prizefight

I'm the chap who chalked the picture
On a Western bar room floor,
The one who sang Sweet Adeline
Outside that last closed door;
'Twas me who made the promise
As I stood upon the brink,
That if God would only back me
I would pick a fight with drink.

I'm the dope the fans saw climbing
Inside that fearful ring;
I heard the referee announce:
"John Barleycorn, the King,
Is matched unto a finish
With Utah's Cactus Kid."
And, after that, I've wondered
Exactly what I did.

I recall the rugged slugging
As I reeled against the ropes;
Heard my faithful family praying,
Sensed their dread of broken hopes;
I'm the guy the fans called winner,
You can figure it YOUR way,
But let me think God backed me
As the Kid from Double A.

No. 6--RELIGION. Pick any one that sounds and looks best to you. They're all good for you if you don't take 'em in too large doses. They'll all teach you that your rights end where the end of the other fellow's nose begins. But stick, if you can, with the brand your family has liked. You don't know how large that place is OVER THERE, and if you all keep changing pews, there's no telling how hard it will be to find each other.

Read that TOWN ORDINANCE NUMBER ONE again and then ponder what happened to old Kaiser Bill and Hitler and Mussolini.

Also keep tuned to your radio to learn how Joe Stalin is getting along with his plan to egg God out of the picture.



Marriage and Divorce

The Mayor is too busy to perform ceremonies, but there's an old ranch hand whose failing health won't allow him to sin any more, so he's one of the Brethren now and can tie a knot that's hard to untie.

Remembering an observation of Will Rogers when he was Mayor of Beverly Hills, that he favored trying all the lawyers first, we have discouraged the practice of law here.

Gunga Din says that after all in a business deal, he thinks lawyers live by proving that neither party to the deal intended to do what he had promised.

However, if you get to that point where it is difficult to "understand each other," we suggest that you run down to Reno over the week end and shop around there. There's no telling what kind of a lonesome, misunderstood bargain you might run into. You can make it from here in a day.

No. 8—THOU SHALT NOT COVET anything that is thy neighbor's." The weight of opinion now among the best students of history, seems to agree that Moses was thinking about towels.

Retribution

Saint Peter was guarding the Pearly Gate
One night when a traveler pulled in late;
"A room and bath, and what's the rate?"
The traveler said, but Pete said: "Wait.

A wire came from Earth today
That you were likely headed this way;
The bookkeeper called just now to say
You've towels enough to fill a dray."

"It's a bed I want not towels, he said;
Pete, do you understand I'm dead?"
"Oh yes" Pete smiled, "as dead as lead;
You took the towels so lie in your bed."

"But Pete" said he, "won't you please tell
Of a camp close by I could rest a spell?"
Pete smiled, then said: "Good Luck. Farewell,
There's a heated cabin for you in Hell."

No. 8—WELFARE AND RELIEF. Timothy, Chapter 5,
V. 8: "But if any provide not for his own and specially for
those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse
than an infidel."

End of quote.

However, nobody ever goes hungry in Keetley, and the city council endorses every National and State plan to protect the deserving aged, including the splendid welfare program of the Mormon Church.

But we also quote Gunga Din who says that he's past 70 and never had a nickel of relief; that he feels better about earning his own way; that he read in the Readers Digest some figures to show that if the people of the United States allow themselves to complacently sit under a tree and wait for the bell to ring "65," why pretty soon relief rolls and government payrolls will swamp the minority who have the taxes to pay.

An Obituary

Under the shade of any tree the village gossip sits,
His hands, though large enough for work,
are simply flabby mitts,
He owes most everyone he meets, yet sits, and sits, and sits.
He goes occasionally to Church and when he tells the boys
The Preacher was a washup bent on killing human joys,
They listen good, which makes his heart rejoice.
Eating, sleeping, borrowing, downward through life
he goes,
Each morning sees the lawn uncut, each evening
Mother mows,
While he hoists one at a nearby Inn to gain a night's
repose.

New National Anthem

(Sing slowly and with much feeling)

Rains that come from Heaven save me waterin'
All the farmin' land I used to irrigate;
The Guvment sends me seeds to do the plantin'
And will send me more in case I plant these late.
Then if my crop should fail for lack of water,
They'll send me forms to cover all my loss,
And if the market sags they only ask me
To be patient and they'll help me bear my cross.
So why not buy a pint with this last dollar,
'Cause I know they'll never let good men like me
Suffer want in all this land of bounteous plenty—
So while things are goin' strong, let's make whoopee.

Then should she request a pesky clothes line altered
Let her understand she's askin' quite too much
Of a citizen the Guvment thinks is faultless
And by livin' sixty years has proved he's such.
So I'll vote for every feller that perfects me,
And who sees my 'lowance reaches me on time;
And for economics sake, I'll buy my foodstuffs
In tins, thus helping keep all things in line.
In the bottom of that pint I'll see reflection
Of a neighbor storing hay to feed his cow,
So I take a sip, then whistle from my hammock:
"I don't worry 'cause it makes no difference now."

Strikes

Gunga Din says his English teacher told him strikes don't
do nobody no good. Both come out with black eyes.

No use going back to the days when Bill Bryan and Mark
Hanna fought the opening round in a slugging match which
has now reached a point where the two giant contenders for
the throne—Capital and Labor—square off each few months
for another bout.

One side wants a living wage and decent working conditions.

The other wants the rock in the box and a voice in his own
business.

Gunga Din says looks like they could get together. If not
the following is what will happen to 'em.

The Big League Game

When G. I. Joe with bases full,
Wound up for his fateful pitch;
When bleacher crowds were glad to pray
For Joe in his last stand ditch;
When he shot the ball across the plate
With skill that was good to see;
And heard the umpire shout: "Krupp's out,
While the score stands Nothing—THREE."

When the Big League game was over,
And Joe was in sight of home,
He had to walk because some fans
Had forgotten games o'er the foam;
When he trudged along in the evening gloam
Past picket lines at the mill,
He listened close and seemed to hear
A Voice that is small and still.

Then it said: "Son Joe, I'd have you know
You pitched the game full well;
Now I'm going to ask the others
To take the mound for a spell;
I'm going to try and teach them
Just what this game's about,
For I am the last great Umpire
And, always, three strikes means—OUT."

Politics

See regulation about Religion. In spite of any Regulation we might make here, it is likely you will follow the tradition of your Dad.

That is well. Remember Moses' admonition in the Fifth Commandment: "Honor thy Father and thy Mother, that thy days may be long upon the land."

The Democrats seem to think that this means them and that it would be unconstitutional for a Republican to hold office. A proposed amendment to the Constitution in this matter, is pending.

We favor the Australian ballot as being the most responsive to the will of the people. We don't like machine politics. Here's the form of vote at Keetley:

FOR MAYOR

Geo. A. Fisher



(To vote put cross in circle)

P. S. This form of ballot saves a lot of the taxpayer's money and we would respectfully suggest it be used nationally.

Gunga Din offers the following definitions to help on your musings about what is best in politics:

SOCIALISM: If you have two cows you give one to your neighbor.

COMMUNISM: You give both cows to the government, and the government gives you back some of the milk

FASCISM: You keep the cows, but give the milk to the government, which sells some of it back to you.

NEW DEALISM: You shoot one cow, milk the other and then pour the milk down the sink, and the government pays for it.

Financial Affairs

HOW TO LIVE ON \$15.00 A WEEK IN KEETLEY, UTAH

| | |
|------------------------------|-----------------------|
| Beer | \$8.80 |
| Wife's allowance | 1.65 |
| Meat and Groceries | on credit |
| Rent | pay next week |
| Coat | borrow from neighbors |
| Life Insurance on wife | .50 |
| Cigars | .30 |
| Movies | .80 |
| Slot Machine | .70 |
| Pinochle Account | .80 |
| Hot Tip on Horses | .70 |
| Dog Food | .60 |
| Snuff | .40 |
| Poker Game | 1.40 |

Total \$16.65

THIS MEANS GOING INTO DEBT—SO CUT OUT THE WIFE'S ALLOWANCE.



TAXES

AN ACT to collect taxes in Keetley, Utah.

Line 1—How much did you make last year?

Line 2—How much did you spend?

Line 3—How much did you have left?
(Deduct from line 1)

Line 4—Send it in.

No Change In Prices

RENT CONTROL: No change contemplated unless I find in the ballot box a vote cast for some other candidate for Mayor. In that event the offender will be subject to a flat 50 per cent increase in his or her rent. Therefore, until further notice the Rent Schedule shall be as follows, to wit:

Per Month

| | |
|---|---------|
| House large enough for self and 1 wife | \$35.00 |
| House large enough for self and 2 wives | 45.00 |
| Children, per dozen | 5.00 |
| Each additional dozen | 3.50 |
| Permits to beat up on wife | 1.00 |
| Permits to beat up husband | .50 |



He Was A Righteous Man

Yes, a guy has to learn sooner or later that self-restraint pays. But seldom is it necessary to go to extremes in curbing his impulses, as in the case of the hot-headed but strong-willed preacher when side-swiped by another driver.

"It's my fault," said the other driver, "but there's nothing I can do about it. I ain't got a dime's worth of insurance. I'm broke and out of work. However, if it will make you feel any better you may call me any vile names you like."

Replied the preacher, "I'm a righteous man and my vocabulary contains no profane words of any kind. I have only this to say: I hope that when you go home tonight your mother runs out from under the porch, barks ferociously and bites you on the leg.—Rambling Rufe.



DEADLY RECIPE NO. 1

One stewed prune, one pickled peach, one date. See that the prune and peach are well saturated with brandy or gin. If unable to procure these, beer will do. Place in seat of high-powered car, and leave on the road 30 minutes. Then garnish with broken glass, gravel, and serve cold on a stretcher. Very attractive in light-colored box trimmed with flowers.

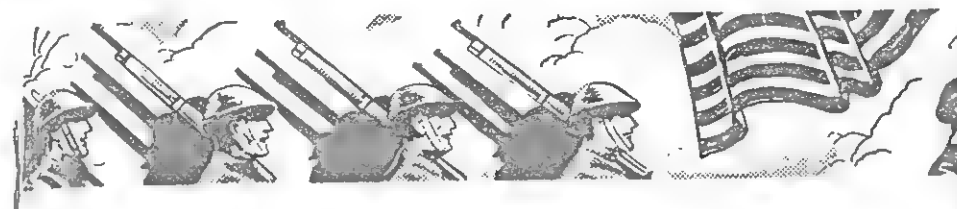
Death Begins At 40 (M.P.H.)

A dashing young fellow named Tim
Drove his car with a great deal of vim.
Said he, "I'm renowned
For covering ground."
But, alas, now the ground covers him!
—Campbellton (N. B.) Tribune.

Don't lose your head to save a minute:
Save your head—your brains are in it.

Will Rogers said that in the old days you'd wait three days for a stage coach and think nothing of it. Nowadays if you miss one compartment in a swinging door, your day is ruined.

Grandfather's old clock use to say: "Tick—tock." Nowadays a gadget on the mantel says: "Git there, git there."



PART TWO

BEHIND

THE

LINES

DEDICATED TO

My Son

Wilson Fisher

with

U. S. FIELD ARTILLERY, AND HIS
MILLIONS OF BUDDIES EVERYWHERE



Copyright 1944

by

GEORGE A. FISHER

Keetley, Utah



This humble effort to help sell Bonds and let G. I. Joe know we were thinking about him was appreciated by the public.



The issue has been taken up. Thank you, folks. It is being reproduced here under the same U. S. copyright laws, and under the same titles "Behind the Lines."

Preface

When I was just a little chap, like other boys that age,
My idols ran from baseball to the star upon the stage;
I read about our Presidents and fine big things they did,
And pondered lives of great men but, just like any kid,
I thought I had some leanings which seemed to fall in line
With those who seek expression through the medium of rhyme.

So I wrote about the Spanish war, (I guess the stuff was crude,)
But the way the folks received it was nothing short of rude;
They said I never was cut out for sentimental verse,
One brother said: "Put him to work," another, something worse;
Though it seemed to damp my spirit, yet I stole across the wood
To ask dear old Aunt Mary and—she said that I could.

Ambition, often thwarted, nurses on a childish whim,
Which grows with age in reverence to the memory of Him
Who encourages endeavor, discounting faults that be,
Forbidding not, but suffering all, "To Come Unto Me."
And there you have the preface to this humble bit of rhyme
Written in appreciation for the fighters in the line.

A Prayer

Dear Father:

I hear so many people inquiring about You lately, I wonder sometimes if You are still there. I thought perhaps You might be grieved or worried over children who have lost the art of prayer. It couldn't be that You are on vacation, or might have struck for better hours or pay? Forgive this little chatter, won't You Father? I know that You have never been away.

I have some inkling now of what You suffered with a cherished Son upon a cruel cross. Tell me how to face the world and all that's in it, and help my neighbor bear his blighting loss.

Teach me Faith and Hope and Charity and Service, and that a dollar bill is not the goal. Make me worthy of the sacred name of father to that boy out there tonight in some foxhole.

Reverently and Sincerely,

YOUR LOVING SON

America's If

If you in civil life will pledge devotion
To colors floating proudly from that mast,
Where, blended with the glory of the morning,
The Stars and Stripes link present to the past;
If you will tune your soul, the Nation's anthem,
Inspired by that banner through the night,
Will touch, within, the chord and scale of SERVICE
Although you're miles away from where they fight.

If you will bathe at dawn in Freedom's glory,
Then face your day, nor shirk its irksome load.
And keep your chin forever tilted upward,
You'll back the marshaled columns on some road;
If you will turn a lathe or plough a furrow
While cherished sons are marching off to fight.
Nor pause to challenge those who issue orders,
You'll help destroy the creed that Might is Right.

If you will bow to Fate decreeing service
In factory or mart where products roll,
Remember, you can likewise have engraven
Your name with other heroes on the Scroll,
If you'll discharge your task with hand and spirit
Directed toward results, not hours or pay,
You'll join the throng who reckon not with either,
As they fill their niche defending U. S. A.

If you will weave your fabric and be mindful
That shoddy thread won't dye Red, White and Blue,
You'll aid beyond all ken the gallant legions
Who risk their all to see that we pull through;
If YOU and I will regiment our forces,
Forgetting self, and all it doth betide,
The U. S. A., designed as Freedom's cradle,
Will hold aloft the torch for which He died.

U. S. Means Us

What can we do, men daily say,
To keep on living in our own way?
From palace gates to haunts of poor
This question pounds at every door.

The answer, etched in tears and blood
From Jap-held lands to Europe's mud,
Is nursed by suffering men who dare,
Trusting in us to do our share.

Maybe our share is buying a bond,
Or saving an old tin can;
Maybe it's pledging we won't strike
And letting the army plan.

Maybe the boys are thinking:
"We take orders, do you?
Our union doesn't pay overtime,
How does yours get through?"

Maybe they'd like to tell us
There is no glamour in war;
Maybe they wonder between the shells
Just who they are fighting for.

Maybe the night wind breezes
Waft warning over the sea
That faith, if lacking work, is dead;
Are they pleading with you—or me?

From Ham Park's 'SENATOR FROM SANDPIT' COLUMN in Salt Lake Tribune

Be kind to thy father, for when thou wer't young, who loved
thee so fondly as he?—Margaret Courtney (1822-1862).

Countless poems have been written by men in honor of
their mothers, and rightly so, God bless them, but not so many
have been dedicated to fathers. Here is a fine one written by
a Salt Lake boy to his dad, which I think, will stir the heart of
every father who reads it.



Dear Dad:

When I was home, dad, now that I think about it,
We never, you and I, said what we thought;
Men folks, it seems, are won't to hide their feelings—
To show emotion's not a strong man's lot;
But out here with the ocean deep beneath me
With only God and His million stars above,
Such inhibitions seem but senseless trifles;
Out here a man feels free to speak his love.

And so it is, Dad, out of this far vastness
I send this message to you there back home,
All the thousand things you've thought and felt
about me
Are etched upon my mind as in some tome;
And now somehow I feel all free to speak them,
Now that we're all these worlds and seas apart,
Though by miles you're farther off than ever,
You've never been so close to your son's heart!

—Freddie (Fred Jacobsen Jr.).

And a few days later, Ham said in his column:
'Next to excellence is the appreciation of it'—Thackeray.

IN THE MAIL

Dear Ham:

A few days ago you ran some splendid verse by Fred Jacobsen Jr. to his Dad. They are strangers to me except as the boy strikes a common cord. If it please Your Honor, no one else having the floor, may I offer a word of understanding on behalf of Fathers everywhere?

Heart To Heart

DEAR SON:

When you were home, son, Dad was like most fathers
Who cherish thoughts but leave them unexpressed,
For fear someone might think him sentimental
If he gave vent to feelings long repressed.
Or, perchance, he felt that you might count it dotage
Were he to thaw and let the sun shine through;
No matter, son—your lead breaks down tradition
With lines you penned from out there on the blue.
Any sacrifice I've made for you is canceled—
You will never know how glad you made me, lad,
By those chummy lines which cut the miles between us
And makes me proud to have you call me Dad.

GEO. A. FISHER

A Poem To Dad

Tributes go to Mother, monuments builded for son,
In a world where Dad is simply called a hard-boiled son of a gun;
A well intentioned writer started once to pen acclaim,
But it ended in disaster with the old man drunk again.

"Father, dear," it started, and then it told the time
Which was two o'clock according to the village steeple's chime;
He'd been away for hours, but to hear the family wail
You'd think that he'd been missing for months in some damp jail.

Every ill that flesh is heir to had descended on their head,
So big brothers sent their sister down the path their Dad had
tread,
Thinking she could make him understand 'twould soon be time
for work,
And Dad left his foaming goblet to trudge back without a quirk.

He lost his place upon the rail of Grady's polished bar,
But scratched his name upon the scroll of Fathers near and far,
Who kick the dew from off the grass while all the others sleep—
God bless you, Dad; in spite of faults, we love you for our keep.

Her Letter

Dear Daddy:
Though I've never seen you, Daddy,
I can tell you're some fine chap
From the picture we keep standing
Near that big Italian map.

Mom says you're out there fighting,
And you've just delivered Rome;
Is it true that if we buy the bonds
You'll soon be coming home?

Mom says that you're a soldier,
And it's wrong to question why;
So I don't ask her anymore—
It only makes her cry.

Gee, but I love you, Daddy,
(Don't tell my two Grandpaps!)
I wouldn't make 'em jealous
While you are making maps.

Capt. Heath, I'd like to meet you,
And I'm sure that you'd like me;
Tell the Boss my doll needs fixing
In my sand box o'er the sea.

Your loving daughter,
GEORGEANN

A Prayer For G I Joe

Dear Lord:

My Joe is out there fighting
Where shells like demons play;
He writes to ask Dad to join him
In a prayerful roundelay;
Joe must be cold in that foxhole,
But he's not the kind to whine;
My Joe will keep his powder dry,
And he does not seek a sign.

G. I. Joe who slugs it out,
Writes one more epic tome;
He's mine—yours—everyone's,
And he wants to come back home;
Please let him, God, and whisper
So his tired, listening ear
Records above the shrieking shells
That You are always near.

Joe's craving light, dear Father,
Facing the dark out there;
In his last letter—two months old—
He speaks of You and prayer;
Please light his path to victory,
And comfort him tonight;
In Thy Son's name I thank You
For a chance to help Joe fight.

The Rommel Roundup

The cowboy Yank who drove a tank from Africa to home,
Told a service station helper: "Looks like Jerry's headin' home;
I'll make a trip around the block to look for any stray,
If you see one while I am gone, I wish you'd mark the way
The lousy critter drifted, and I'll round the maverick up
With this mustang I am ridin' which can outdo any Krupp.
You might tell him if he pauses that I'm loadin' up with gas
Which, speakin' plain means he best move right on through
Brenner Pass.

When the Rommel roundup's over, I'll drift back to see your
town
'Cause I note some things need doin' fore this old cat idles
down:

I was thinkin' as I motored past the Coliseum there
What a corkin' place that could be made to hold a county fair;
With this old cat in two days flat I'd make 'em field and track,
So you find out just who's in charge and tell 'em I'll be back.

Perhaps

Perhaps the din of battle blurs the picture at the door
Of that little mother waiting for a speck across the moor;
It's due at eleven thirty (and the schedule rarely fails)
That faithful public service bringing in the U. S. mails;
Perhaps that they're expecting too much for him to see
Dad fumbling in the mail box for a letter that might be.

Perhaps it's hard across the miles for him to estimate
Or note his father's step approach the mother at the gate;
It's way too far for him to see that look upon her face
As Dad fails to find the letter after days of patient grace;
Perhaps he may be thinking of those loving hearts remote,
And planning that tomorrow he'll find time to write a note.

Just a note to say: "Dear Mother, I am well and how are you?
The army censors letters but they'll sure let this one through;
How is Dad, and do war prices help the mortgage on the place?
Love, and I'll keep writing if it's only post card space."
Son of their dreams, keep fighting—that's what they'd have
you do,

But love them, son, by writing, if it's just a line or two.

Bonds Or Bondage

I am Nathan Hale who faced the test in upstate New York dawn,
Under furlough from the C. O. bidding you to carry on;

I am Abram Lincoln, once your chief, returning through the mist,
To bring you faith we hold Up There, yours is the land God kissed;

I'm Lieut. Col. John McRae, where Flander's poppies bloom;
I'm the mother of the soldier in the unknown Soldiers' tomb;

I'm the mother Lincoln wrote to about five cherished sons
Who perished in the valley where the Rappahannock runs;

I'm the kid whose mother just received his medals with acclaim,
Yes, the kid who sold you papers where Broadway crosses Main;

I'm Nurse Cavell saluting the world of womankind,
Who hold aloft with splendor the torch I left behind;

I am G I Joe who slugged it out on the rugged road to Rome,
And paid the price they're asking for a land worth calling home;

I'm the one who's listed missing—the sailor or marine,
Who taught the Jap before he left, their will is not supreme;

I'm the pilot of the bomber who radioed out there
He was hoping he could bring 'er in upon a wing and prayer;

I'm shades of martyred millions from Valley Forge to France
Whose suffering was crowned with hope the world might thus
advance;

I'm the essence of the ages, massed behind your boy tonight,
If you knew your bond could help him, would you hesitate to
fight?

Laurels

Oh gracious Mus
Of this war weary age,
Fetch me the needed words
To chant presage
That honor bars
Reflect her glory, too;
Let me acclaim the fame
Of him whom Fate has tossed
Into the war's mad holocaust,
And help me offer prayer
And thanks to him;
Yet grant me grace
To plant within our hearts
A rose for her
Who carries on
When he departs;
Bring me fit phrase
That I may praise
The lonely mother
Of his unseen babe;
And let me, Muse,
Record the fond hope here
That when we cheer
His column
Marching down the street.
We'll hold back
Just one small flower
For Joe's brave wife
Who helped a lot
In that dark hour.

Dads Footsteps

Dear Dad:

Resting a bit in a wooded glen,
Scarred from the last world war,
It seems strange, Dad, that names ahead
Mark goals which you fought for.
We'll take the towns just like you did,
But I ponder here tonight
The irony which calls a son
To follow Dad's lost fight;
I remember well your letters
When you were fighting here,
And I never, never can forget
How Mom choked back a tear;
I was just a kid in those days,
But memory is plain
Of your high hope that sacrifice
Would help ban war again;
Yet here I am in your old tracks,
(I'm sure they are the same),
Indeed, I saw scratched on a tree
Your company, and name.
So long, Dad—it's "lights out" now,
At daybreak we move up,
Please tell the workers on your shift
There are no strikes at Krupp;
You made the grade, and came back home
To nurse a promised peace;
I'll do my best to fill your shoes,
Let's pray, Dad, all wars cease.

Your son and pal,

G. I. Joe

Mother

Somebody made the sacrifice
Of youth for maternity;
Somebody brinked the Valley of Death
That future man might be.

Somebody saw a fine son march
In a column that's history;
Somebody mended a broken heart
When the list read, casualty.

Somebody knows of freedom's price,
All paid for by the code;
Somebody smiles at boastful men
Who fancy they carry the load.

Somebody grieves a war-mad man
Could launch a lust to kill;
Somebody knows he blasted a gap
He has no power to fill.

Somebody daily carries on,
With a love no man may ken;
Somebody knows: "Thou shalt not kill,"
Is strongest of the TEN.

Somebody whispers: "Mother,"
Facing the wrath out there;
Everyone asks that God caress
The silver in her hair.

Reveries

I wonder as I wander
Down the streets of U. S. A.
If passing crowds are mindful
Of a soldier far away;

Do they realize that all we've won
Would overnight be lost,
Except for noble sacrifice
Of those whom fate has tossed

Against the mouth of cannon,
And the treachery of men:
Are they buying bonds to haste the day
When he'll come home again;

Or is their aim inspired
By pursuit of power and pelf;
Are they conscious debt lies deeper
That to one's own dear self?

I overhear the answer,
In a crowded trolley car:
"I am working in a factory,
And I've three sons in the war."

Adios

Dear Son:

"So long, I'll see you later,"
Were parting words that night,
As giant engines puffed to pull
Your troop train out of sight.

"So long, I'll see you later,"
Echoed down the pulsing rail
To mother, wife or sweetheart
Waving faith you could not fail.

"So long, I'll see you later,"
Was a challenge to your Dad;
He accepts and pledges in return
To fight behind you, lad.

"So long, I'll see you later,"
Was God's parting with His son;
So if this be Armageddon,
Count me with you 'till it's won.

Kick In

Hitler planned long ago he could whip us,
He weighed well the weakness of France;
He sneered at the tea drinking British,
And the Yanks who go on with the dance

He knew he faced toughness in Russia,
But planned that by crushing them first,
He could wring the necks of all others
Who dared to question his thirst.

We've seen what became of Benito
Whose wagon was hitched to his star;
And Tojo whose dream of a rising sun
Finds the clutch in reverse on his car.

But let us remember the fly on the wheel,
Who spoke in his own self praise,
As he rode on the winning chariot:
"Gee, what a dust I do raise!"

The boy up front is raising the dust,
And taking the rap on his chin;
If ever he needed our help, it's now;
When the Bond Drive calls—kick in.

Bon Voyage

I sat beside some soldiers in a Market Street cafe;
I saw their clean cut faces; I heard what they had to say;
I thought about my own boy serving somewhere in the ranks,
And then—I ventured over, just to offer them my thanks.

My thanks, and hopes that my own boy may find upon his way
Such pals who bring distinction to the grand old U. S. A.;
I listened to their Mascot, whose tales need no re-touch;
And then—I reeled them poetry (or stuff I label such).

They listened so intently that I made a solemn vow
I'd send to Fort McDowell where they are stationed now,
A rhyme to mark our meeting and a friendly word of cheer
To the boys who do the fighting for all that we hold dear.

Good luck; And may Ki's sweetheart away back there at home,
Be proud to follow him with prayer wherever he may roam;
He's a bonnie lad, my lassie, and he think a heap o' you
So you just keep on writin' and promise you'll prove true.

Isolation

A lone pine tree on a barren ridge,
Living his life alone,
Goes down at last in the blizzard's track,
Unwept, unsung, unknown.
Spurning the chance of contact
In a forest where all trees thrive,
He reckoned not the unwritten law
That all must unite to survive.
Perhaps this simple truth, tree told,
Should guide the Ship of State
Away from Isolation Point
If she don't want her ribs to grate
On gnarled and twisted souls of men,
Whose purpose in life is stilled
When aims they gave their life to,
Go on each year unfilled.
May trusted hands who hold our fate,
Perfect a nation's plan
That will help us work together
For a Brotherhood of Man.

In Re: Planning

When we look back at the record, as Al Smith used to say,
It reveals a raft of proffered plans and help to lead the way;
Among them fearless Teddy (who had our love and vote)
Felt his hundred thousand riders could get the Kaiser's goat.
Then Henry Ford outfitted his famous peace ship plan
To rid the trench by Christmas of every soldier man.
We found that all such plannings were sincere but idle dreams
So we called upon the fliers, soldiers, sailors and marines;
Like the man who wanted buried beside his ancient car,
For the reason it had pulled him out of every hole so far,
We turn now to the gallant men in air, on sea, or land,
Knowing they will pull us through again, if we give them a hand.

Freedom

While men fight and die for their country,
It must make them feel they've been kicked
To learn homefolk are acting the role
Hitler planned when he said we were licked.

He counted on Quislings in Norway,
And some rotten timber in France,
He thought both the Yanks and the British
Would Waterloo on with the dance.

He figured America's freedoms
Were all that he needed to win;
So having helped us find our weakness,
He deserves a good poke on the chin.

His henchmen we house should be given
A chance at the "freedom" they spout;
A sixty pound pack and a rifle
Might teach them what freedom's about.

They could think it all out in a foxhole
With Huns splitting brackets above,
As they mingle prayer with soap box dreams
When they "fought" for the country they love

This cap fitting well on evaders,
Is snug on that guy with his lore
Who mumbles about the four freedoms
While savages pound at our door.

The boy in the line who is fighting,
Is fully aware of this kind,
And pegs him with Benedict Arnold
Who carried his honor behind.

Vot's Dot?

...."Ach, Himmel," he said at the Pearly Gate,
"You mean dot I must stand and wait,
Till you turn pages of books galore?
No one has dared do dot before."
The keeper said, with lack of mirth,
"You're listed here as a curse on Earth;
Don't think that you can chisel in
Like you did down there in old Berlin;
They need a paper hanger in hell,"
So he paged a bouncer and all went well.

Even as You and I

They twitted him about the fact he had once been confined
In a hospital where doctors deal only with the mind;
Throughout the years he stood their jeers, until one day
He said: "You chaps, ere long, will pass along
The word old Jim is dead."
I haven't much to leave you, they took it for my keep,
But a priceless piece of paper I bequeath you when I sleep,
You'll find it in my bureau drawer tucked 'neath the papers deep;
It is signed by five good doctors attesting I am SANE,
I wonder as I view the world if I have shipped again,
Or have I something few can show to leave behind their name?

America

I saw my neighbor standing as twilight shadows blend,
With his soldier son whose furlough was fading to an end;
I sensed what they were thinking against the crimson sky
And their laughter only echoed that tomorrow meant good-bye.
It was plain their minds were running to a distant battle line,
And tomorrow's bus arriving so cruelly on time;
I knew their Christian training taught them trouble to abhor,
But I felt their understanding as Dad's boy marched off to war.



A Budding Poet

A hillbilly sat on the cabin floor
'Neath the candle's flickering light,
Making some marks on paper,
"Look, Ma, I've learned to write";
"Well sure enough, his wife opined,
"And what is that you've writ?"
"Dunno, Ma, ain't learned to read it yit."



To A Nurse

When darkness gets the deepest,
And the pain is growing worse,
Child-like we turn for comfort
To a faithful, white clad nurse.

There's music in her footstep
Down the silent, dimlit hall;
She sounds just like your mother
When she whispers: "Did you call?"

As her magic touch brings solace,
You offer up a prayer
That God on High will see to it
She gets a break up There.

Just A Newsboy

He was only a newsboy who shouted
His wares to the crowds with a grin,
Or maybe his job was delivering
Out where the crowds grow thin.

No matter where he delivered;
East, West, North, South, up, down;
An American soldier is making the news
He sold in the old home town.

He was there at the Anzio beachhead;
In France he just opened a tome;
The kid who delivered our paper,
Just finished delivering Rome.

Judge Not

Had Patton's pat fell on my neck,
I think I'd grab a phone, by heck,
And say to him: "Hi George, old chum,
You're sorry? So am I, by gum;
The folks at home back us to win;
My neck don't hurt—how is your chin?
Let's prove a little family scrap
Must not disturb a world-wide nap
Which both of us have helped to mold;
Shake, old man—the teachin's old!"

What's The Use

She stood on the stairs near dawn of day,
When through the door ten feet away,
There reeled again the self same jay
Who promised her he'd reform some day.

In deepest, guttural tones she said:
"I am the devil, and you are dead,
So come with me where my fire's red
Will roast you for the life you've led."

'Okay,' said he, "the day seems raw,
Let's have a drink and yell hurrah
For me and my new brother-in-law—
I married your sister. How's Ma and Pa."

Her Version

A. W. O. and I. sounds like a New Deal term;
But this is one the army coined concerning the return
Of a soldier leaving barracks, who may have had a pass,
But lacked a watch, a calendar, or broke his hour glass.

She says she understands all that, and discipline is fine,
Provided it does not include 'that old sweetheart of mine';
She sees no value in a rule that will not work both ways,
So she plans to send the Solons her plan one of these days.

She thinks the Congress properly should pass a law to say
That it shall be unlawful to take her pal away;
She dreams with pride of honor bars arising 'bove his sleeve
But in broken sleep she murmurs: "He is absent without leave."

His Letter

Dear Dad:

I guess you don't remember when I came from school that night with tattered coat to tell you that I'd been in a fight. All these years I've nursed your answer: "Did you feel, son, you were right?"

Please tell Mom not to worry as I move up front tonight; that when she washed my neck and ears, I thought that it was might, but I love you both for teaching me about what's might and right.

Your grateful son,

G. I. JOE

In Re: Politics

Let's seal our lips while open minds
Shall wait for time to place
A value on dead Jean Darlan,
Dear Lord, please grant us grace.

Let's mindful be Your Son was judged
By hasty acts of men;
That even we might possibly
Mis-judge things now and then.

Let's grateful be for lives he saved—
Perhaps your boy and mine;
If he helped through Red, White and Blue,
Lord, make his tomb a shrine.

Acknowledging Receipt

Dear Son:

Express just brought the package of clothes that you won't need;
Mom wants to cry, but somehow I can only wish you speed;
Perhaps it's pride makes me decide a smile outdoes a tear,
E'en though I know that down below I'm wishing you were here.
Of course I'll cry a little just to please your lovely Ma,
But honest, Joe, these G. I. shoes will bring me back my taw;
I chuckle that I have a son who helped teach Jerry how to run,
And these old shoes you sent to me will keep alive the memory;
Besides, your Dad in all truth states the ones he had were not
full mates,
And those you had will fit your Dad--you understand me don't
you lad?

Your loving Dad

Red White and Blue

As twilight softly deepens, lad, and our day's work is done,
Let's offer thanks, then lift our eyes toward the setting sun;
The sky seems' bout to burst in flame from gorgeous tints of red.
While soft, white clouds go winging by to merge just overhead,
Blending in that sea of azure, and heralding anew
The promise there is meaning in the Red, the White, the Blue.

These colors are the flag which leads your brothers Tom and Jim.
Whose shelter is a foxhole roofed in by stars near Him;
With pillared hope that flag shall stay an ordained creed for man,
They fight on and on with confidence that you and I will plan
To keep this old farm running. Though young Bill, you can see
We must keep faith with Tom and Jim who fight to keep us free.

No Help Please

"Water, water, everywhere, but not a drop to drink—
An age old adage of the sea, true now as then, 'I think,
When applied to gallant seamen who sail the mighty deep,
Or fearless army boys who bounce o'er deserts in a jeep.

These boys are coming home some day with varied tastes to
quench,
Intensified by memories of battleship and trench;
In fancy I can hear them, as they touch the old home port:
"So, you've dried the country up again? Well, where's that
'hidden quart'?"

Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men.

Two thousand years with all its tears,
Two arms upon a cross,
Have shedded light to guide mankind
In every bitter loss.

Two flags upon a table,
Two soldiers hand in hand,
Are clinging to His teachings
As they fight in every land.

Two nations with a single tongue
And steadfast Christian hope,
Are backing sons who hold the torch
From Calvary's rugged slope.

Two neighbors and three thousand miles
Of unmanned border line,
Seems to hold the hope—world chanted—
We rehearse at Christmas time.



The \$64 Question

Will there be gold in your pocket
When there's silver in your hair;
Will that old sweetheart be cared for
When you climb the Golden Stair?

Will it bring peace to the mansion
You have builded in the skies,
To watch your loved ones battle
For things the world denies?

Will they love the family album
With its pictures of their Dad;
Can they turn its pages conscious
That he gave the best he had?

Will you heed that boy who's calling
From the hell across the pond?
Then buckle up your belt a bit
And buy another bond!

Friends

Books have been written on Friendship,
Lives have been given to show
The depth of human affection
One soul for another may know;
Friends at your side will stand ready
To grieve with you over your dead,
And do what they can to lighten your load
By saying just what should be said..

They are genuine friends, but let me acclaim
That friend who arrives at your door,
When the castle you thought firmly builded
Goes crumbling down to the floor;
Destroying the dreams you have nurtured,
Clouding your place in the sun,
While out of the dark all you needed
Was a hand, and the battle was won.

Gracious God, may I ask You to favor and bless
That friend who has seen your heart bleed,
Then whispers so softly you scarce know he's near:
"Keep fighting. How much do you need?"

Red Cross

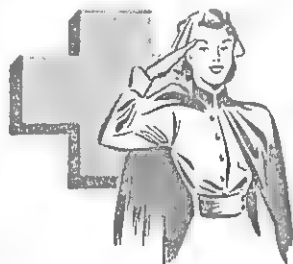
Who is it that's winning the battles,
Is it we in our downy bed,
Or that boy in a rain soaked foxhole,
Backed by a Cross of Red?

He is the chap who is giving
Ten million times what we give;
And all that he asks is the privilege
To come back home and live.

Give—what's a five dollar greenback
Compared to the value we get,
In knowing THAT FIVE may mean saving
A boy whose life's blood has been let.

We won't hear a whine from the soldier,
Though he knows that the knock at our door
Was answered with wavering conscience
That we simply can't give any more.

Oh, yes, we can give and keep giving
With far less endeavor than he
Is giving each hour of day and night
In that hell hole across the sea.



The New Test

Will you love me when they've cut out all my coupons,
And we're coasting down the highway on a rim;
Then smile at him who passes with a C card,
Hoping he will bump us home or tow us in?
Will you love me when I can't bring home the bacon,
While fear of rules forbid I call you sweet;
And I'm nursing only memory of the 'phone call:
"Hello, honey, don't forget to bring the meat?"

Will you love me 'cross a humble breakfast table
Knowing fuel shortage means all rooms are cold,
And that letter you saw post marked from the Draft Board
Was to tell me they consider me too old?

Will you love me, pal, in winter as in summer,
Forgetful of these petty things each day,
And be grateful for the chance we have of backing
The gallant men who fight for U. S. A.?

To Captain Mary Brown

Dear Daughter:—

There's an ancient myth a diamond
Alongside of its rival, cut glass,
Might now and then fool a layman
And each for the other might pass;
But, placed under water, the diamond
Shines forth with a lustre sublime,
While the other, like German imposters,
Fades out when dipped in the Rhine.

The moral behind this preachment
Is the pardonable pride of a Dad,
Writing tonight to his daughter—
The best that a Dad ever had;
Acknowledging news you're a Captain,
Saluting you proudly, Lass,
For proving when placed under water,
Your fibre is diamond—not glass.

Your loving Dad

The Mountain's Message

That rugged row of mountains standing out against the sky
Are calling to you, brother, if you will only try,
To hearken to their message as you whirl down life's highway;
They caution safer driving for your span is but a day.

They've seen men pass before you, and the lines upon their face,
Are but smiles that beam with pity for those who madly race

Toward some real or fancied goal the driver seeks to make
"Twixt setting suns regardless of the chances he may take.
They are crooning with you softly—almost pleading in their tone:
"Please drive your car with safety so that others may reach home
With whole, not broken, bodies, condemned by you to pain
As the price you must both suffer for that extra mile you gain.

So raise your foot a wee bit from that pedal pumping gas;
Don't feel you're losing prestige if you let the speeder pass;
You may o'er take and pass him before the day is done
And—the ambulance which ended the vacation he had won.

Another \$64 Question

A sovereign state by law decrees
That morals of its clan
Must be preserved by three two beer
But, tell me if you can,
Just why this same protective hand,
And 'neath the self-same roof,
Should sell its children stuff that runs
Away past ninety proof?



If you can pack the things a trip requires
For two children and another not your own;
And listen to the thousand admonitions
From Hubby and good friends back there at home,
Who warn you with foreboding of the dangers
Which lie in wait for tourists on the road;
And finally shove off for that vacation,
And never breathe a word about your load.

If you can steer that car thru Rocky Mountains,
And o'er deserts where a lizzard pants with heat,
And get that crowd to bed each night at sundown,
Then write back home that "everything is sweet";
If you can smile upon the tavern keeper
When Auntie cracks your best plans thru and thru;
Then drive along into the growing darkness
To try and find a place she says will do.

If you can keep this up each night and morning
Half way across the great United States;
And keep your poise, and smile at Hubby's Auntie—
—You've earned your passport thru the Pearly Gates.

About Vacations

Aging tonight from Skeeter bite
I plead with you down there—
Do what you can for suffering man
In any mountain lair.
This fleeting life, with all its strife,
Has little to forget,
Unless it meets mosquito fleets
Who aim life's blood to let;
Wounded tonight, no drugs in sight,
I met the last attack;
I tried to run but a skeeter Hun
Was close upon my track;
Their victim treed, the skeets agreed
That I should face the squad,
And be et up lest bigger skeets
Should come to claim their wad.

Another 9

If you can open up your morning paper,
And read clear through the story of that crash;
Pausing not to idly turn to other pages
That deal with stocks or other kinds of trash.

If you can say across the breakfast table:
"This day is ours—but not a human life";
And make the family listen while you read them
The list of killed and maimed in highway strife.

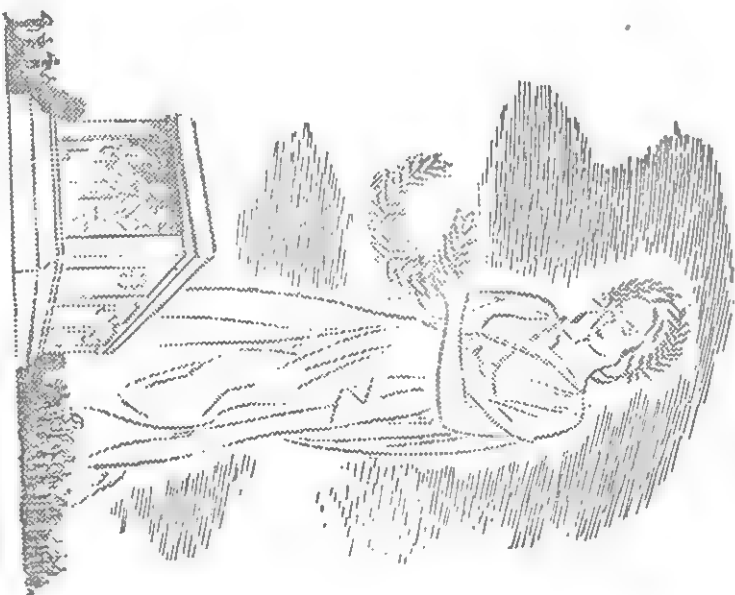
If you can plant within their souls the feeling
That life's a sacred thing, by Him decreed,
The right to live, and love and laugh until He beckons;
Nor be sacrificed, through them, to Demon Speed.

If you can make them understand the doctrine
That their rights end where others' rights begin;
And convince them that all forms of reckless driving
Are, in sight of God, the blackest kind of sin.

If you can preach this lay as friendly caution,
To all of those who drive the family car;
And have them feel you practice what you're preaching,
And that you're claiming only what you are.

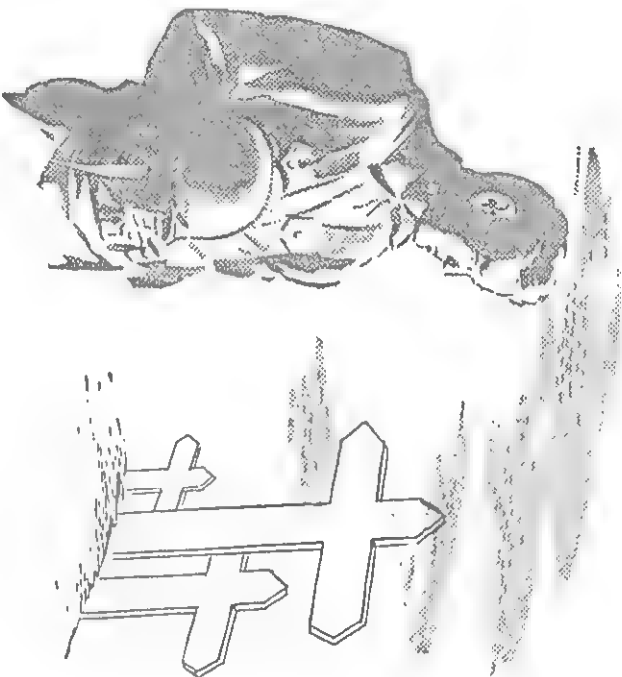
If you can do these things, I'll tell you, Brother,
There's a seat Up There reserved by Him for you,
In a section set apart for Great Reformers;
Here's a challenge to you Dad, now see it through.

In Memoriam



So Long, Joe

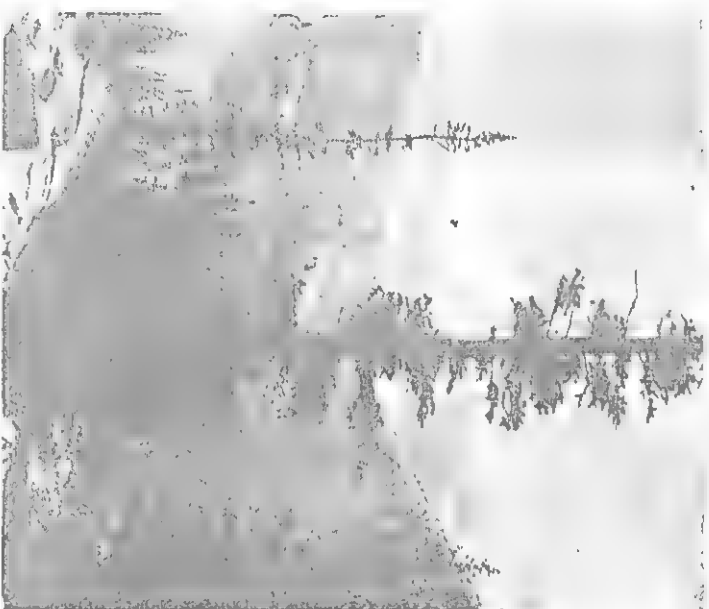
Time runs. The war is over,
And they're bringing back our Joe
To sleep in soil he fought for—
Dear God, please let him know
That in spite of petty squabbles
Which may dim the fight he won,
The world stands at attention
For a gallant U. S. Son.



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Who Knows

Perhaps an April conference
In the State House way up there
May hold some dim connection
With the Big Three's VACANT CHAIR
F. D. R. but led the van
Of gallant souls who share
The Hope we'll find and follow
Their footprints on the Stair.



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The Rising Sun

An ugly war is ending
On red banks of the Rhine;
God's ports are jammed
With gallant souls
From off the Siegfried line;
Down in the book they're listed—
Pacific, Rhine and Rome—
As ones who paid the Hitler price
For a land worth calling home.

Some mother's heart is broken,
Some family circle's sad;
Somebody lost a brother,
Somebody lost a Dad.
The Big Three's keeping tally
And will settle, man for man,
When that April sun o'er 'Frisco
Starts setting on Japan.

A Mother's Dream

She dreamed of soldiers crossing the ice on the Delaware,
Of mothers' sons in Flanders and the poppies over there;
Surging lines of Blue and Gray brought crosses white to loom
Beside a shrine at Arlington—the Unknown Soldier's tomb;
She saw nearby a nameless shaft where twenty hundred dead
Sleep in a single grave beneath the Stars and Stripes o'erhead;
Her vision marshaled countless grumes with crosses row on row,
Which made her ponder if the fight was worth while here below;
The voice of martyred Presidents rose above the battle strife,
To lead her son up to the throne of everlasting life;
His vacant chair bespoke the cost of Calvary's bitter loss
To another sainted mother, and another sainted cross.





In Flanders' Field

In Flanders' fields, the poppies grow
 Between the crosses, row on row
 That mark our place; and in the sky
 The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
 Scarce heard amid the guns below.
 We are the dead. Short days ago
 We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
 Loved and were loved, and now we lie
 In Flanders' fields.
 Take up our quarrel with the foe!
 To you, from falling hands, we throw
 The torch. Be yours to lift it high!
 If ye break faith with us who die
 We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
 In Flanders' fields.

LT.-COL JOHN McCRAE

The Task Ahead

When Earth's great battle has ended
 And casualty lists have been told;
 When the final soldier is mustered out,
 And rifle and cannon are cold;
 We will pause, with only a backward glance,
 At trials we've just passed through,
 Counting our grief, as we seek God's aid,
 In building the world anew.

It is then we will live as He planned it,
 And none shall be given to claim
 The right to murder a neighbor
 While mumbling His Holy name;
 It is then that shell-torn battlefields,
 Enshrined by men through pain,
 Will become a world wide Rosary,
 Symbols of loss and—gain.

It is then that shades of gallant men
 Who fought to keep us free,
 Will join with the Calvary sacrifice,
 In a message to you and me,
 To go on with a task they sponsored,
 Which contemplates a Plan
 That will justify the price they paid
 For a Brotherhood of Man.

What America Means To Me



By
Marjorie Fisher

Winner of the Heber City, Utah, Lions Club
Oratorical contest, 1943.

A chain of swiftly moving events in a great world crisis is hourly adding to the importance of this subject. From the cradle we have been taught that America was the greatest, the grandest country on earth.

To us America has seemed only the United States. Today it becomes necessary to scan more closely the distant horizon because the most militant spirit that ever brooded over an anguished world is tracing with bony hands rude outlines of new empires to be governed by godless men, and rising over the crushed and broken spirits of countless conquered millions. Cynically the monster smiles as his jaugernaut of war flattens out a weaker neighbor. Greedily he casts his gloating, envious eyes upon America, the one remaining bright spot on the world's horizon where the sunlight of democracy still plays. America, the only place on earth where millions of people speaking the same language, nursing the same aims, are privileged to live in peace and understanding on either side of 4000 miles of Canadian border, unmarked by a single fort and unmanned by a single soldier.

The common call of danger which threatens to mar this perfect picture of peace between nations, a picture God painted and called America, merges us, and blends the United States and Canada into the one force capable of preventing darkness from encircling the globe.

Shall we fail in this crucial assignment? Shall we quibble over dollars and cents while sinister forces threaten to eclipse the light of free men? Shall we hearken to the siren voice of inertia singing false lullabies of safety?

No indeed! The martyred spirits of Garfield, Lincoln and McKinley, the sacred memories of Washington and of Jefferson, are chanting on night winds those epic words of Patrick Henry, "Give me liberty or give me death." The school boy and girl of America will throw away, if need be, their books, clinging only to their Bible as they march forth, crusaders to prove once

more that the youth of America knows what Americanism means to them.

To appreciate the America I am discussing is to remember that in size it constitutes only six per cent of the world's acreage, and yet we harvest more than one-half of all the foodstuffs of the world. We have only seven per cent of the people in the world, and yet we have more purchasing power than all of Europe combined.

This little group of North Americans has created and now owns half of the wealth of the world; half of the world's communicating facilities, half of the world's railway and electric energy, more than one-half of all the radios in the world. We produce 95 per cent of all the automobiles in the world, and having 32 millions cars, we have four times as many as all the rest of the world.

In the matter of public school education, America with its 28 million school attendance is so far in advance of other countries as to defy comparison.

Little wonder that the living voice of valiant men, known as the American Legion, who once saved the world from the fate it now faces, pleads with us to note that a passing airplane attracts your attention only as the fascination of its movements may interest you. You need have no fear that it may rain deadly bombs upon your unprotected head.

Tonight, around the family fireside, a turn of your radio dial brings you uncensored debate on any subject affecting the nation.

Tomorrow you attend the little church around the corner, or motor into the park, as fancy may dictate.

This is the America which I proudly proclaim as my country. This is the America Washington dreamed about when his barefoot, ragged soldiers traced their allegiance in blood in the crusted snows at Valley Forge. This is the America which

emerged from a civil war, and stands now united before one slab of marble in Arlington Cemetery, the resting place in one single grave of 2200 American youths who perished on the fields of Bull Run and the route to the Rappahannock.

This is the America which pauses one day before a nameless white sepulchre containing the body of the unknown soldier, and lays a wreath on his tomb—mute, but powerful testimony of what he and a hundred thousand buddies did to make Americanism mean something to us.

This is the America which prompted Emerson to say that its whole history seems like a last effort of divine providence on behalf of the human race.

Here is the America whose lighted torch in the outstretched arm of the Statue of Liberty has beckoned, received and protected liberty-loving people, asking them only to subscribe to the ideals of free men.

This is the America where race, creed and color are blended into one picture, and the clicking of heels is heard only when military men salute each other.

This is the America whose constitutional form of government now is the shining target for totalitarian conquest.

Make no mistake, my friends, we are passing through an era when the call of Paul Revere seems only a murmur on the breeze. The courageous stand of Lincoln which challenged the right of man to enslave his brother is but a ripple in the face of the present emergency. Slavery touched then a few hundred thousand Negroes. Today slavery is threatened for hundreds of millions of peace-loving, God-fearing children of men. The fate of France and other helpless nations is the only proof we need that there is loosed upon the world a war-mad monarch seeking to substitute his law for the will of God.

Let us remember the tiny crosses which dot the cemeteries of every hamlet in the United States. Nor must we forget

Flanders Field where poppies grow between those crosses beneath which sleeps some mother's son who gave his all that America might mean what its founders dreamed.

Let us face the stern reality that once more America must pass the acid test of Lincoln's day, and prove that government of the people, for the people and by the people shall not perish from the earth. As war rages through the grim mountain passes and across the devastated fields of Europe, let us pray that the price we have paid in the past will be counted now sufficient to guarantee the continuance of the American way of living; but let us shirk no task in fulfillment of this prayer.

America means to me all that is best in human government. It means not only the land of freedom, but it stands out against the skyline of the world as the land of opportunity.

It is the one place on earth where the citizen becomes the guarantor of his own liberty, and duty becomes the price of privilege.

To preserve this liberty means that we must grasp and hold high the torch that has been thrown to us from heroic hands in high office, and the glowing sacrifices of many battlefields. Only by faithful and unstinted allegiance can we preserve for future generations the priceless principles and rights which will mean for them the faultless place America now means to me.